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THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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## MINISTERIAL PROSPECTS.

THE triumph of last week's division naturally engrosses the attention of all those who have identified themselves with the Cabinet, and although the country has received the announcement of this triumph in a very sober way, still the satisfaction which the success of Ministers has caused is unmistakable. In the first place, it ended, as nothing else could have ended, the state of uncertainty which prevailed in Denmark. The Liberal party in England has had the satisfaction of seating in office one of the most reactionary Ministries that could be got together at Copenhagen. When a majority of eighteen agreed to thank the QUEEN for not going to war, even the most sanguine Dane must have given up all thoughts of seeing the red-coats in the isle of Funen. It is also satisfactory that, when a question of exclusively foreign politics is raised, and when man is compared with man and policy with policy, the House of Commons is still under the command of those who shrink from the laborious imbecility of Lord MALMESBURY and the despotic fancies of Mr. DISRAELI. It is, too, a matter of congratulation that the Irish members who voted under the inspiration of the Ultramontane party were not able to turn the scale, and that consequently no opening was given to the furious Protestantism from which, if he had skilfully appealed to it, Lord PALMERSTON might easily have derived a large majority at a general election. There is, therefore, sufficient reason for rejoicing that, at this particular crisis, in spite of the great blunders of which his Cabinet has been guilty, Lord PALMERSTON has secured another chance of carrying on his Ministry to the satisfaction of the country. But it may very possibly prove that he counts too much on his victory. He evidently was alarmed by the dangers with which the division threatened him, and yet, immediately after the numbers were announced, he recovered that tone of senile arrogance which has replaced the good-humoured courtesy with which he encountered friends and foes when he was a rising young man of about seventy. He is now in the highest feather; he has got a majority of eighteen; his Bishops have stuck to him like wax; he need not trouble himself to pretend to introduce or support liberal measures; and he can defy opinion, and enjoy the satisfaction of patronising a rival by persuading Lord RUSSELL to remain in office. There is no drawback to his triumph, unless he cares for permanent fame, and can remember what he himself once was. Lord RUSSELL, too, may probably be happy in his way. He rests where he was, and he may be uncommonly thankful that he is allowed to do so. He has been assailed by almost the whole House of Commons; he has been blamed, and derided, and made light of by every speaker except those official speakers who would most properly and honourably defend CATILINE or BORGIA if they happened to be in the Cabinet. But, if he likes to stay on, he can. A majority of eighteen hides all shortcomings under an impenetrable veil. Parliament, judging the Conservative party by its leaders, does not think that the foreign policy of the Conservatives has been such as to entitle them to office. Therefore the present Government must stay in; and if it stays in, Lord RUSSELL, although the squarest of men, may continue to occupy his round hole. He may stay in, a little pitted, a little laughed at, and a good deal neglected; and it is to attain this crowning position that he has striven for half a century, proposed six final Reform Bills, and been made what Mr. RAE calls a belted Earl.

It must be owned, however, that nothing succeeds like success; and France, finding that Lord PALMERSTON's Government is going to stay in, seems inclined to be friendly once more, to forget the affront of the rejection of the Congress, and to patch up a new cordial understanding with the Whigs. The theory of the *Standard*, we observe, is, that as the Imperial Government is the most isolated in Europe, and the present English Government is the most despised, they are brought together by misfortune,

like strange bedfellows. They are led, in fact, to cultivate something of that reckless and hollow cordiality with which plain women, who are left out, encourage each other while the pretty ones are dancing. It must be rather annoying to the good Tory correspondents who have been assuring all the grandmamas in England that the EMPEROR was mortally offended with the Whigs, and would never be friends with England again until Lord DERBY was in power, to find that the semi-official press in France has now been taught to discover that the Whigs are the born and true friends of France, and that an alliance of Imperial France with the Tories must be hollow, forced, and artificial. To a certain extent, the latest theory of semi-official France seems to us the true one. The Tories, under the guidance of their present leaders, have gone far to identify themselves with the reactionary party on the Continent. It is true that Mr. DISRAELI always speaks of the EMPEROR himself in terms of fulsome adulation; but it is because he has done his best to glorify Austria, to vilify Italy, and to uphold the cause of the Pope, that he has procured that accession of Ultramontane strength which is one of the most formidable weaknesses of the Conservative party. Perhaps there may be something creditable to his intellect in this, and the prominence he has given to the expression of reactionary sympathies on many occasions may be due to the clearness with which he sees that, if the Conservative party here is to ally itself with the Conservative party abroad, it must avow an indulgence, if not an affection, for the principles on which its Continental friends are content to repose. But the EMPEROR cannot go far, and he cannot go heartily, with the reactionary party abroad. He wants, indeed, to avoid an open contest, and in France itself he is obliged to confess the power of the priests. But there is in reality an impassable gulf between him and that Ultramontane party which has now almost succeeded in inspiring with its opinions and subjecting to its influence the whole Conservative party of Europe. The Empire, however readily it may trample on the domestic liberties of Frenchmen, is obliged to adopt serious methods of persuading the mass of the French people that it is both independent and liberal in its foreign policy. If a new Holy Alliance were formed, or were even believed to be formed, for purposes hostile to the general freedom of Europe, France would look to the EMPEROR to nip the evil in the bud. It is therefore true that the Whig party is more akin in political feeling to the Imperial Government than the Tory party, and the EMPEROR has not been slow to own this now that the occasion has arisen. Thus one considerable difficulty is removed out of Lord PALMERSTON's way, and it is no longer possible to say that, if England is to act cordially with the EMPEROR, Lord DERBY must take office.

The weakest part of the prospects of the Ministry is that it cannot carry its domestic measures now, and has no hope of carrying them. This Session has added nothing of the slightest importance to the Statute-book, excepting one of Mr. GLADSTONE's measures of encouragement to the economical poor. The Government cannot dictate or even suggest a policy to the House. All it can do is to make it evident that its opponents are as powerful as it is itself. If Lord DERBY came in, he could not hope to have more of substantial strength than Lord PALMERSTON has, although the superior discipline of the Conservatives might give them a greater amount of available strength in proportion to their numbers. But then this powerlessness of the Government in consequence of the near balance of parties has been lately shown to be one of the inherent dangers of Parliamentary Government, and not peculiar to England. Bad as things are here, they are much worse in Belgium. There, the party now in office counts on a majority of two over its opponents; but in order to carry any measure, it is requisite, according to one of the pedantic regulations with which foreigners have hampered the Parliamentary system, that there should be present a clear

majority of the whole House, however those present may be distributed on a division. The Catholic party, which is out of office, has therefore hit on a very simple method of annoying its opponents. It simply stays away, and thus the entire body of the supporters of the Ministry must be present in order that any measure, of however slight a kind, may pass into law. A Parliament capable of thus stultifying itself has been most properly dissolved, and a general election has been accepted as the only means of procuring a more discreet and tractable assembly. Things are not quite so bad at Westminster. The ordinary business goes on, and Lord STANLEY has had the delight of presiding over the same Committee for at least three months of uninterrupted labour. But no measure of importance can be carried, and there is no question, except a direct vote of want of confidence, on which the supporters of the Ministry will consent to put forth their whole strength. If Lord DEBBY came in, things would scarcely be better. The Conservative party, being better drilled, would be more certain to appear in decent numbers when it was whipped up; but on questions of the first magnitude there is no reason to suppose that it could command a majority, or that a general election would give it one. Lord PALMERSTON has not any very bright prospect before him. He can scarcely do more than exist; but at any rate it has been shown that the House does not at present desire another leader, that France, in the long run, is obliged to consult its permanent interests, and that, while the country is so slightly stirred by political feeling as it is now, neither side can hope to achieve a distinguished success.

#### MEXICO.

THE French report that the Emperor MAXIMILIAN had been welcomed to the city of Mexico with "indescribable enthusiasm," conveyed little practical information either to the wellwishers or to the enemies of the new dynasty. Enthusiasm which can or cannot be described is even a cheaper commodity than the verdict of universal suffrage, as expressed under the beneficent guidance of prefects or commissaries. It is impossible to judge, from the account of a zealous reporter, how large a portion of the crowd was paid to shout, or even whether there was a crowd, and whether it shouted at all. Further investigation would be required for the purpose of ascertaining the value of the popular voice, and the material resources which might be available in its aid. The imbecile predecessor of the present Emperor of AUSTRIA was loudly applauded when he assumed the iron crown of Lombardy at Milan, and the most unpopular of the Princes who attended to pay their homage was the gloomy and inscrutable CHARLES ALBERT of Piedmont. A few years later, the Emperor MAXIMILIAN himself, as Viceroy under his brother, found that courteous manners and kindly intentions were powerless to reconcile the people of Northern Italy to the presence of an Austrian prince. In his new sphere of action, he may accept the cheers of his subjects as a proof that the task which he has undertaken is not, like his Italian essay, wholly impracticable. Although there is no particular reason why an Archduke should find a throne in the Western world, it must be admitted that Mexico has no past or future golden age to contrast unfavourably with the inchoate Empire; and if MAXIMILIAN I. governs with tolerable prudence and success, he will at once exhibit his superiority to all his predecessors, and perhaps to his possible rivals. Viceroys and Presidents have done their utmost to recommend an alien Emperor who is at least not a Spaniard, nor a Creole, nor an Indian. As republican institutions have broken down, the failure of hereditary monarchy would leave Mexico no alternative but despair, or absorption in a foreign State.

The Emperor of the FRENCH may be congratulated on the extraordinary success, not of his political experiment, but of his project for overcoming the preliminary obstacles which stood in the way of its being tried. Time alone can show whether the importation of an Austrian Emperor was a wise device, but it is impossible to deny that the arrangement has been effected with remarkable ability and vigour. It was necessary to find a pretext for the enterprise; to secure the concurrence, up to a certain point, of Powers interested in Mexican affairs; and, finally, to dispense with their further aid, as it would have involved interference. England was inclined to join an expedition for the prosaic purpose of recovering debts and resenting outrages, while Spain cherished vague hopes of re-annexing to her Crown the ancient conquests of CORTÉZ. The Convention of Soledad and its consequences left the French to act alone, and NAPOLEON III., in spite of the wishes and

opinions of his subjects, displayed the fortunate daring which disregards imaginary difficulties. Mexican valour afforded an easy triumph to the disciplined armies of France, and Mexican patriotism found that its aspirations were not incompatible with implicit acquiescence in the will of the invader. The nation learned, with docile surprise, that its fondest wishes would be realized by the choice of an unknown prince from a country of which the very existence was probably unknown to nine-tenths of the population.

If the United States had been undivided, the Mexicans would have been reminded by American teachers of the dignity and sanctity of the Republican institutions which are supposed to be peculiarly applicable to the Western Continent. As their energetic neighbours were otherwise employed, they listened exclusively to the monarchical arguments of the French generals, who gave proof of their political competence by the ease with which they chased the legitimate PRESIDENT from the capital to the remotest provinces of his former territory. Both the factions which had habitually contended for public plunder had reason for expecting French support. The leaders of the clerical party were openly favoured by the dispensers of power, and yet it was known that the Emperor NAPOLEON shared the distaste of his countrymen to ecclesiastical tyranny and encroachment. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN also belonged to a family which, although it boasts of its orthodoxy, has given a name to the heresy which, under the name of *Josephism*, is more distasteful than Jansenism or Protestantism to the Court of Rome. His first troubles will commence with the necessity of deciding on the exorbitant claims of the local priesthood, and, if he yields to their demands, his failure and ruin are inevitable. The sole merit of the Indian JUAREZ consisted in his hostility to the aggressive portion of the Church, and the majority of his own race probably share his feelings. The European immigrants on whom the future prosperity of the country depends will be still more impatient of clerical domination. The most zealous Catholics from Ireland or Southern Germany would repudiate the secular control of mongrel Spanish bishops.

There seems to be some reason for believing that the simple-minded Indians of Mexico are disposed to take the Empire seriously. In the tawdry language which befits a half-civilized population, they declare that MAXIMILIAN I. will dispel abuses, as the rainbow, according to their artless system of meteorology, dissipates the storm. The French EMPEROR might, with some justice, describe himself as the wind which has already driven the clouds to leeward, or, changing his character, he might appear as the sun which makes the prismatic colours visible against the dark background. A rainbow, however, is a pleasant object, and for three centuries the political weather in Mexico has been so bad that an Austrian rainbow may well delight the Indian mind as a sign of an approaching clearance. Though the descendants of MONTEZUMA's subjects have become Spanish in religion, and to some extent in language, they have never been encouraged to attach themselves to the ruling race. Even the provincial Spaniards were discountenanced and oppressed by the civil and military functionaries who came from home, and the Indians in turn were slighted and despised by the Creoles. An Emperor, coming like the legendary Aztec princes from an unknown land, offers vague hopes of peace and justice to the native tribes. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN may perhaps find, in the support of the Indians, the means of controlling the political factions of the country. A safe majority of unambitious and obedient voters will be especially valuable to a sovereign who governs, after the French fashion, by the supposed will of the people. As Mexico is certainly not ripe for Parliamentary government, it will be convenient to overrule unseasonable opposition by a standing machinery of universal suffrage. Even with the aid of France, it would be almost impossible to establish a Mexican Empire on the borders of the powerful Republic which formerly projected the conquest of the whole Northern Continent; but the respite which is allowed by the American war may perhaps enable the new Monarchy to consolidate itself, and to furnish a more satisfactory illustration than slaveholding Brazil of the institutions which are probably best suited to the former colonies of Spain.

European tutelage of America has been for the most part unsatisfactory, both during its continuance and in the manner of its termination. The English settlements thrived under the felicitous neglect of the Mother-country, but they still cherish an irrational resentment for the final quarrel. No Englishman, however, in his senses would take back the American States as a gift; but Spain still regrets the loss of an oppor-

tunity which was systematically misused. The inglorious history of the South American Republics offers temptations to ill-judged ambition, and it has been thought worth while to reconquer the mulattoes of St. Domingo. It now appears that the Spanish Government desires to interfere with the independence of Peru, in the hope of finding some consolation for the disappointment which was caused by the superior energy of France in Mexico. It would be wiser to employ the increased resources of Spain in paying the national debt. The Emperor NAPOLEON's enterprise was arduous, anomalous, and unnecessary, but it was not so hopeless as the restoration of the old monarchy of Spain and the Indies. Mexico is not, in name, to become a foreign dependency, nor will Frenchmen habitually occupy the highest posts in the State. To English observers the success and prosperity of the Austrian dynasty in Mexico will afford unexpected satisfaction. For the present, it can only be said that a favourable result is not altogether impossible.

#### THE POPULAR PARTY IN GERMANY.

**BARON DE BEUST** has recently published a document in which he congratulates himself and his friends on the success with which he and Germany came out of the great contest at the Conference. He was exactly the man for the situation, and he enjoyed the display of his abilities. Confident, ready, and determined, he never hesitated to do his best for his party, and was always prepared with a statement, a promise, or a difficulty, as necessity demanded. Nothing could have turned out better, he thinks, than the Conference did; but the real time of danger, he hints, is now coming, and Germany must exert herself to keep the advantage she has gained. By Germany, **BARON DE BEUST** means the small Courts of a liberal turn as opposed to Prussia and Austria, and he includes the national and liberal party in every German State. This whole set of people have fixed their hearts on having Schleswig-Holstein for the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, and they are very much alarmed lest Prussia and Austria, under the influence of Russia, should once more interfere to disappoint them, and should concoct some scheme by which Denmark should be sacrificed without Germany being benefited. The struggle will evidently be a severe one. The German party is very strong in numbers, character, and purpose. It appeals to the sincerest and deepest wishes of the great body of the people. It alone has a basis of right in the matter of the Duchies. But, on the other hand, Prussia is in possession of the ground. Prussia has got an army ready. Prussia has done the work; and Prussia, under Count BISMARCK, would consider herself defeated by the success of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG. If Count BISMARCK has to give way on this point, he will have lost by the war. He will have taught Germany and Prussia that the Feudal party, which he represents, is unable to deny, in the long run, the wishes of the people. He will make his Parliament more hopeful, more attentive to the opinions of neighbouring German States, more determined to get some sort of real freedom for Prussia. If he wins, and can keep the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG out of Schleswig-Holstein, he will have gained a victory which will discourage his adversaries, and which will enable him so to engage the policy of Prussia in the interests of the reactionary party that, even when new men bring new views to the head of affairs, they may find it very difficult to start free and escape from the embarrassments already created for them. The popular party is so dispersed, so wholly without any means of open and corporate action, so powerless before troops and generals, that Count BISMARCK might reasonably hope to carry his point if only he could devise any plausible solution of the difficulties attending all dealing with the Duchies which should suit his purposes, and could avoid provoking hostility abroad and shocking all decency at home. The claims of the Duke of OLDENBURG are so preposterous that, if Prussia supported them, this could only be done to please Russia, and thus Germany would once more be prompted to agitate for a change that would retrieve the national honour. Probably Count BISMARCK has still occasional visions of a delightful possibility of annexing the Duchies, or a part of them, to Prussia. All fear of a new Liberal neighbour would then be removed, and the patriotic statesman whose faults had been committed in order that his country might be aggrandized might hope that his faults would be forgiven.

But here Count BISMARCK is sure to encounter strong opposition. The smaller States of Germany will keenly resent any proposal to depress them, and, at the same time, to give to Prussia more than she has already. France, too, has already declared that she could not see with indifference any increase to the ter-

ritorial power of Prussia; and the semi-official press has been ordered to sound England, and to pave the way for such an alliance as England, if she persists in absolute non-intervention, can offer to her friends. France might fear to encounter Germany if united, and if bound together by a strong national feeling. The smaller States, too, could do absolutely nothing if Austria were to keep quiet and Prussia were to announce that she would consult none but her own interests. But France and the smaller States, if united, could do a great deal. If France were to declare that, although out of deference to the wishes of Germany and the principle of nationality she would make no objection to the Duchies being separated from Denmark and placed under the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, yet she would declare war rather than see Prussia hold the Duchies by conquest, the strength of Germany would immediately be divided. The smaller States would have everything to gain by the success of France, and therefore the great object of French policy would be attained, and Prussia would be separated from Germany in a contest for the Rhine provinces. But if Count BISMARCK shrinks from this prospect, and neither ventures to annex the Duchies nor to support heartily the Duke of OLDENBURG, the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG has an excellent chance of getting the Duchies, and the popular party in Germany has a splendid prospect before it. In the state of things which now prevails in Germany, the victory, if it falls to the popular party, is sure to be fruitful of very important consequences. It will determine the part which Prussia will take in many of the greatest questions that can be submitted to her. More especially it will, in all probability, decide her not to guarantee or fight for the non-German possessions of Austria. This is the great question which divides opinion in Prussia, and although the Prussian governing class has long been jealous in the extreme of Austria, yet it is aware that it is only by offering some sort of assurance of material assistance that it can make Austria subservient, and it naturally wishes to commit Prussia to a course so exceedingly distasteful to the popular party in Prussia itself. If, however, the German popular party succeeds in Schleswig-Holstein, its success will stimulate and encourage the popular party in Prussia. Already it has two great sources of confidence, if only time is given it, and it is not crushed before it can gain strength. In the first place, the CROWN PRINCE is entirely opposed to the whole policy which Count BISMARCK has fastened on the KING, and therefore the day must come when a new policy will at least have a chance of being fairly tried. And, in the next place, the Prussian army is, from its very construction, largely open to popular influences. It would, of course, at the beginning of a struggle, or if called on suddenly, obey its habits of discipline. The regiments would go where ordered, and might be trusted to act against a street mob. But if the army were placed on a war footing, a large number of persons must be called from peaceful professions who would have time to reflect on the position of their country, and who would certainly form a judgment on the cause for which they were called to fight. The Prussian army is almost coextensive with the active male population of the country, and, if it were fighting for a cause that commanded its entire sympathies, would probably be found equal to any army in Europe. But if it were ordered to fight for a cause that was repulsive or doubtful to it, and if it knew that it was being used to frustrate the aims of the popular party in Germany, it would be a very difficult army to lead and manage. The more, therefore, that the popular party in Germany is able to assert itself, to propagate its views, and to give shape and body to its thoughts, the more difficult will it be to use the Prussian army on a great scale in opposition to the general wishes and interests of Germany.

There is, to English notions, something strange and incomprehensible in a party that is headed by small princes. It has become an axiom in popular English politics that the smaller German princes are pig-headed, ridiculous, and effete, just as it has become an accepted popular axiom that all German professors are fools. English critics have also an avowed contempt for all foreign nations that do not engage in frequent revolutions, although at the same time they have an equal contempt for nations which are fond of revolutions. Nothing has been so often laid to the charge of the Prussian Liberals as the cowardice with which, when Count BISMARCK insulted them, they pocketed the affront, and did not rush out to be bayoneted by the soldiery. But the Germans, rightly or wrongly, wish, if possible, to get some sort of liberty without revolutions. They are perhaps not a very practical, or resolute, or statesmanlike set of persons, but they want what they consider to be a fuller liberty and a nobler national existence than they have got, and

in a quiet way they are making great efforts to attain their aim. Hardly any better way of bringing about a change, without going through a bloody revolution, could have been devised than that of placing themselves under the guidance of those among the minor Powers who were willing and able to lead them. The excitement caused by the Schleswig-Holstein question has driven many of the smaller Sovereigns to join in the popular movement; and death has been at work in the same direction, and has removed from the traditional influence of Austria two princes so accustomed to look to Vienna for their policy as the late Kings of BAVARIA and WURTEMBERG. In the contest between the great despotic German Courts and the German people, the minor Sovereigns are not unnaturally impelled to play a part not unlike that which the English aristocracy has so often played in contests between the Crown and the popular party here. There is always something of accident in the course which an aristocracy takes at critical moments, and probably many of the minor German Sovereigns are not perfectly satisfied with the position they occupy, and receive with some degree of lukewarmness the cheerful felicitations of Baron DE BEUST. But they are carried away by the stream of popular thought that sweeps around them, and are overborne by the example of those among their number who, like the Dukes of BADEN and SAXE-COBURG, heartily identify themselves with the popular party. If a war had to be waged in each tiny State between the Prince and his people, the opposition which the popular party could offer to the designs of Count BISMARCK would be exceedingly small. But this difficulty does not arise, and the concurrence of the majority of the minor Princes with the wishes and aims of their subjects gives the popular movement all the advantage of definite leaders and accredited position. It has a very fair prospect of succeeding, although three Courts so powerful as those of Prussia, Austria, and Russia have each good reasons for wishing it to fail. Obviously the great political drama opened by the Schleswig-Holstein war has only just begun, and there is every reason to suppose that the second act will quite equal the first in interest and importance.

#### RAILWAY IMPRISONMENT.

IT is the glory of an age of scientific progress to have invented a perfectly new and unique description of social torture. The English railway carriage—more especially, the English first-class railway carriage—may be defined as an apparatus of unexampled efficiency for isolating a human being from the companionship and protection of his fellow-creatures, and exposing him a helpless prey to murderous outrage. It is a prison from which there is no escaping but with the certainty of broken bones and the risk of being pounded to atoms. It is a prison where associates may be forced upon a man without any choice of his own, of whose character and antecedents he knows nothing, and who, for aught he can tell, may be assassins or lunatics. No seclusion from the outer world can be more absolute, while it lasts, than that of the English railway traveller. For an interval varying from a few minutes to an hour or more, you may be shut up with a stranger of sinister aspect and worse than dubious mien, with the consciousness on both sides that nothing but your physical power of resistance can repel any ruffianism that malignity, lust, or frenzy may prompt. You know it, and he knows it, and you know that he knows it. You are surrounded on all hands by authority strong enough to hold you harmless against all wrong-doers; but between you and authority there is a great gulf fixed, which there is no possibility of passing. You might as well be in another planet for any protection that society has to give you against the foulest of crimes or the most terrible of mortal perils. Your cell may be on fire, but you have no choice except waiting to be burned or flinging yourself out at the risk of dying the death of the votaries of Juggernaut. The case has happened, and may any day happen again, of a number of helpless shrieking passengers being whirled along at express speed in a blazing carriage, from which they were only rescued by the sheer accident that the term of their imprisonment expired before the flames had quite done their work. We all remember, again, the story of that horrible journey during which the occupants of a carriage were engaged for the greater part of an hour in a life-and-death struggle with a raving madman—a story which found a partial parallel not many days ago in a case which occurred near Southampton, the chief difference being that in this instance the maniac sought to destroy his own life instead of cutting and stabbing his

fellow-passengers. It is surprising that sensation novelists have never, so far as we recollect, availed themselves of a *motif* so well suited to the purposes of their art as the horrors of railway imprisonment under circumstances of deadly danger, with the means of protection and rescue close at hand, but hopelessly inaccessible.

There is no occasion to recount the details of that frightful tragedy which has just revealed to all but official eyes what we do not hesitate to call the worst of the many perils that beset railway travelling in this country. A gentleman returning to his suburban home on a summer evening, by one of the most frequented of metropolitan lines, is brutally murdered in a first-class carriage. Within the brief five minutes or less between Bow and Victoria Park, there is time for the assassin to execute, without let or hindrance, one of the most savage atrocities recorded in the annals of crime. Though there are indications of the victim having offered a desperate resistance (for the floor, sides, and windows of the carriage were found dripping with blood), and though he doubtless shouted for succour with all the strength of his voice, no sound of the struggle appears to have reached the ears of the occupants of the adjacent compartment. Penned up within the four walls of his temporary prison, he was as far from all possibility of human aid as if he and his assassin had been alone on a desert island. If he had had the means of signalling to the guard, there can be little question, from the violence of the death-grapple, that he would have had strength and presence of mind to use them—perhaps in time to save his life, almost certainly in time to prevent the escape of the murderer. Or, we should rather say, there would have been no murderer and no murder, for people do not, as a rule, commit crime when detection is visibly certain and impunity hopeless. But the stupidity and parsimony of Directors had ruled otherwise, and, during those terrible five minutes, crime had the field all to itself. Though blood was actually spurted on the dresses of ladies in the next compartment—doubtless at the moment when the almost lifeless body was flung out on the line—no alarm was or could be given. It was only when the train stopped, and a passenger about to take his seat laid his hand on a cushion steeped in gore, that it was discovered that a deed of unsurpassed atrocity had been done as it were in the very presence of deaf and blind authority. This is the English system of railway management—emphatically the English system, for it is unknown to any other civilized country. And it so happens, by one of those coincidences which sometimes occur in fact, though they would seem strangely forced in fiction, that this North London tragedy is not the only lesson which the past week has given us on the special perils of English railway travelling. A few days ago, on the South Western line, a young woman was vilely insulted by a ruffian, the sole occupant of the compartment besides herself, and only escaped something worse than insult by throwing open the door and taking refuge on the step, while the train was at full speed. She would have been infallibly dashed to pieces but for the nerve and presence of mind of a passenger in the adjoining compartment, who seized the poor creature just as she was fainting, and succeeded in holding her for some five miles, until an alarm was given to the guard by some labourers at work in a field. The thing seems barely credible, and yet, apart from the melodramatic horror of the situation, it is nothing more than an extreme instance of what may happen any day to any defenceless girl shut up with a licentious brute. The case of this young woman frightened by a blackguard into an act next door to suicide, like that of the butchered banker's clerk, is only an unusually startling illustration of that helpless exposure to brutality and violence which Railway Boards, in defiance of all warning, all remonstrance, and all experience, persist in making a condition of English travelling.

The infliction is a perfectly gratuitous one. The Boards themselves have not the effrontery to say that this absolute isolation from all human succour and protection is an unavoidable incident of railway locomotion. Nobody pretends that it is impossible to provide means of communication between passengers and guards. Not to speak of American railway arrangements, which might in some respects not suit British tastes, the example of the principal Continental lines shows that the object in view may be attained by contrivances adapted to English fashions of carriage-building and English notions of privacy. An exterior ledging or platform, attached to each carriage, is all that is needed to enable the guard to pass along the whole length of a train in motion as many times in the course of a journey as may be thought necessary. It is absurdly suggested that this is

dangerous. With the simple accompaniment of a handrail, it is about as dangerous as walking up stairs. Without this convenient appendage, it is possibly half as dangerous to a man who is used to it as reefing a topsail in a gale of wind is to an able-bodied seaman. Either way, the danger is not worth a serious word. This, or some analogous device, with the addition of a contrivance for enabling a frightened or insulted passenger to summon the guard to his relief, would furnish, if not absolute security, at all events a tolerably sufficient practical safeguard against nine-tenths of the dangers and annoyances to which English Directors choose to subject their countrymen. As for the objection one sometimes hears, that it would never do for every nervous or foolish person to have within reach the means of stopping a train, it hardly calls for an answer. The signal would be addressed, not to the driver, but to the guard, and the guard would determine whether the train ought to be stopped or not. But it is needless to discuss whether this or that mechanical expedient would most conveniently accomplish an object which is palpably necessary to the security of travellers, and which nobody has the hardihood to pronounce beyond the reach of human ingenuity. It is enough that it is confessedly practicable to make the protection of a responsible official accessible to every railway passenger during a journey; and it is for Parliament and the public to compel the Boards to perform a plain duty which ought to need no compulsion. Railway Companies must be made answerable in damages for the consequences of wilfully leaving their passengers unprotected against foul and murderous violence, just as they are answerable for any other prepared and organized "accident."

No assistance, it seems, is to be expected in this matter from the Government department to which questions of this sort specially belong. To all proposals and suggestions on the subject the Board of Trade, like the Companies, opposes a blank, stolid, unreasoning resistance. Even the horrible murder of Mr. BRIGGS fails to disturb the sublime serenity of the official intellect. With a bland, impassive equanimity which gives us the assurance that the accredited type of imbecile Whig officialism will not be lost when the present HOME SECRETARY seeks the dignified repose in which his country would willingly indulge him, Mr. MILNER GIBSON declines to lift up a little finger to make railway travelling safe. "Would it be possible," he was asked the other evening, "to compel the railway companies to introduce into carriages some mode of communicating with the guards?" Oh dear, yes, "it would no doubt be possible"; only he "doubts the expediency." The question is "not without practical difficulties." English railways and English carriages are not constructed exactly in the same way as Continental railways and Continental carriages; and he is "afraid that it might not be so practicable as it might appear to be at first sight," &c. Mr. MILNER GIBSON does not think it necessary to explain in what respect the construction either of English railways or English carriages—say on the London and Folkestone line—is so radically different from the Continental pattern as exemplified between Boulogne and Paris, that what is possible and easy there becomes next to impossible here. On the practical question, however, he is quite clear. He will at least wait for another murder before troubling Parliament with a Bill on the subject. And there, for the present, the matter rests. The railway despotism is triumphant. The Companies do nothing, and the reforming President of the Board of Trade helps them. It is ruled to be the right and proper thing that outrage in railway carriages should have free scope, and that decent people should be liable to be locked up alone, for the hour together, with ruffians, maniacs, and assassins. It only remains to be seen whether the House of Commons and the public will stand this. Perhaps not. We revolted, not quite without success, against Sir GEORGE GREY's patronage of the garotters; and possibly means may be found of impressing even Mr. MILNER GIBSON with the expediency of abating the worst horrors of railway travelling.

#### DENMARK AND GERMANY.

THE war in Denmark has lost all its military interest, and the only remaining question of importance relates to the terms on which peace may be obtained. The conditions which were supposed to have been offered by Prussia were evidently the result of conjectural irony. The indignation which has been caused by the overbearing conduct of the German Powers naturally seeks expression in exaggerated statements and assumptions. Oppression, reduced to an imaginarily absurd extreme, took the form of a demand for the surrender

of the Danish fleet, and for the payment of 11,000,000*l.*, in addition to the unavoidable sacrifice of the Duchies. If so preposterous a proposal had really proceeded from Prussia, the suspicions of Austria and of the other German Governments would have been immediately and justly aroused. Obviously inadmissible demands could only be excuses for prolonging the war, to the injury of the allies as well as of Denmark. The conversion of military occupation of the Duchies into permanent possession would affect the rights or pretensions of the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG more nearly than the interests of Denmark. The conquest of the islands would merely complicate the difficulties of the invaders, although it might have been thought necessary to prosecute the war to the utmost if resistance had been prolonged. In the earlier part of the war, Austria and Prussia eagerly sought an excuse for the rapid extension of their demands in the sacrifices which they had incurred during their short and easy campaign; but it will be impossible to describe the occupation of Alsens and of the remaining districts of North Jutland as an arduous enterprise, or to allege it as a reason for abandoning altogether the position which was taken in the Conference. The joint Circular which was issued by the allied Powers showed that they still profess to recognise the judgment of the civilized world. Their sophisms are in the nature of a tribute which belligerents pay to neutrals, and so far they are preferable to a naked assertion of the right of superior force. Up to the present time, Germany has never professed to claim any Danish territory beyond the limits of Schleswig and Holstein. The acquisition of Jutland could only be justified by the right of conquest, which lately seemed to have become obsolete. The Prince of AUGUSTENBURG himself would admit that, unless he were King of DENMARK, he could pretend to no hereditary title to any territory beyond the Northern frontier of Schleswig; and it is highly improbable that Prussia will persevere in the contest for the purpose of extending the dominions of an independent Duke.

It was perhaps inconsistent that the Danes, after refusing to prolong the armistice, should, as soon as the recommencement of hostilities had produced its natural results, be unanimously anxious for peace. Nothing, however, is more natural than unwillingness to appreciate the greatness of a misfortune which lately seemed incredible. The commencement of the war was welcomed at Copenhagen with enthusiasm, and regret for the first disaster, in the evacuation of the Dannewerke, was lost in indignation. It was thought that success at sea might compensate for the loss of Düppel, and the vague hope of foreign assistance quieted the alarm which was unavoidably caused by a comparison of the belligerent forces. It was only on the renewal of the war that the Danes suddenly became aware that an army of 30,000 men, without reserves, was absolutely helpless in the presence of the Austrian and Prussian multitudes. It was seen too late that it would have been better to submit to almost any conditions than to remain at the mercy of an irresistible and unscrupulous enemy. It might have been dangerous to the nation, as well as to his own dynasty, if the KING, who must long since have perceived the impossibility of resistance, had anticipated the general change of opinion. As soon as it became certain that the whole country was anxious for peace, it was evidently desirable that the Ministry should retire. The incapacity which had been shown in the administration of the War department had justly irritated the army and the people; but Bishop MONRAD and his colleagues might perhaps have retained office if it had not been thought indispensable to find a negotiator who had been unconnected with recent transactions. Count MOLTKE belongs to the reactionary or aristocratic party, and in former times he was one of the most determined opponents of the claims of Schleswig and Holstein. His chief pretension to office consists in the circumstance that he is a new-comer, and perhaps he may not be unacceptable to the champion of absolute Government who directs the councils of Prussia. At the present crisis, a Danish Minister can pursue but one object, and the fittest candidate for the office is the diplomatist who is most capable of obtaining a tolerable peace.

The Prussians, and even the Austrians, have used their utmost efforts to correct the popular delusion that war has become, through the progress of civilization, comparatively harmless and amiable. There is no proof of the reports of cruelties which have, with blameable credulity, been quoted in the English Parliament; but the German armies exercise the right of the strongest by living on the country which they have conquered with inglorious facility. The unfortunate inhabitants of Jutland are forced to maintain their invaders, as the Germans of half a century ago supported the

plundering hordes of NAPOLEON. The advocates of the perfect immunity of commercial vessels in maritime war have been in the habit of appealing to the example of armies on land, which were conventionally supposed to respect private property. The Prussians have deprived the philanthropists of their favourite argument, for no great naval Power will be henceforth likely to renounce an instrument of hostile action which may be used by an adversary who is superior on land. It may be hoped, for the credit of the German nation, that the apparently spiteful destruction of a railroad belonging to an English company will admit of explanation. The Prussians have shown little generosity to Denmark, either in diplomacy or in war; but the wanton injury to the subjects of a neutral Government would be an act of unpardonable malignity. It is unfortunate that the Germans should make efforts to alienate their oldest and most natural ally. If the English nation has failed to understand one of the most complex of legal questions, its dulness is not a sufficient cause for permanent resentment. The general sympathy for the Danes is founded on their undoubted inferiority in force, and on the sufferings which they have, perhaps rashly, incurred. Nearly sixty years have passed since Prussia, in still more hopeless circumstances, was regarded with similar feelings of compassion.

In their overtures for peace, the Danes ought in prudence to abstain from interfering with the future disposal of the territory which they are forced to surrender. Conquerors in the field or on the highway divide their plunder according to arrangements of their own, without consulting the losers. It can matter little to Denmark whether the Duke of OLDENBURG or the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG ascends the vacant ducal throne. The dreaded vicinity of Prussia will be most effectually averted by leaving the German Powers to settle the conflicting demands of rival claimants. The project of a personal union, which was always uninviting, has become impracticable under the reigning dynasty. It is barely possible that the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG, who is the legitimate heir to the Crown in the female line, might be allowed to reign at the same time in Denmark and in Schleswig-Holstein; but there is no reason to suppose that the dynasty of GLÜCKSBURG is about to abdicate, nor would the Danes readily submit to the nominee and representative of their bitterest enemies. The chimerical plan of including the whole of Denmark in the Confederacy would scarcely simplify the question. Under the Federal system, it would still be necessary to exclude from the Duchies the influence of a Danish Parliament, and the Danes themselves have been warned by recent experience of the danger which they incur by allowing the Diet to interfere with their internal affairs. A judicious negotiator, if he failed to obtain a portion of Northern Schleswig, would acquiesce in the unlimited surrender of both the coveted Duchies. If the conquerors subsequently quarrel over the spoils, Denmark may bear with something more than equanimity the inconveniences which may disturb the relations of the German States.

#### THE CANADIAN CRISIS.

THE indifference or indolence which leads most Englishmen to content themselves with a total ignorance of Colonial politics is apt to become an element of danger whenever a real crisis occurs in any of our outlying possessions. Such a crisis has now arrived in Canada, and it may soon become of the gravest importance that Ministers should be guided, in dealing with it, by the intelligent opinion of this country. For a very long time, the political history of Canada, like that of some others of our dependencies, has seemed to prove a want of aptitude on the part of colonists for working a constitution on the English basis. Nothing like a stable Government has existed for years, and the Colonial Ministers have, as a rule, rejoiced for a few months in a majority of two or three, and then have yielded their places to opponents who could secure no more substantial support. The occasions for resignations and dissolutions have had no intelligible connexion with the real objects of either party, and secret intrigues and private jobs have been naturally supposed to lie at the root of the factious dimensions of the Canadian Parliament. It is not a year since a Ministry was expelled by an adverse vote on a Militia Bill, which was immediately afterwards carried in a more stringent form by the party who had rejected it when proposed by their opponents; and almost every important measure has been used in the same way as an engine for the mere purpose of substituting one set of Ministers for another. Party conflicts in England generally assume at least the semblance of a war of

principle, but a record of the divisions in the Parliament of Canada would throw no light whatever on the distinctive views of the contending parties. Still, it would be a great mistake to suppose that no substantial issue exists between the supporters of Mr. CARTIER and of Mr. J. S. MACDONALD. On the contrary, the differences have been too serious to come to the surface until matters were ripe for the final struggle. The contest has long been one between the Upper and Lower Province rather than between mere political parties. The energetic population of the West have not yet felt strong enough openly to assert the pretensions which they cherish, but they have held closely together, contenting themselves with preliminary trials of strength on any question on which it appeared possible to snatch a victory over the Lower Canadian party. The two great sections have been so nearly equal in strength that this rooted antagonism has made any approach to a strong Government quite impossible, and matters seemed to be rapidly approaching a dead lock, in which neither party could succeed in performing the ordinary duties of administration.

We have spoken only of two parties, because, from their strength and their representative character, they of necessity take the lead in every struggle; but in reality there are four distinct political sections. Perhaps the so-called Conservatives, who follow the guidance of Mr. CARTIER, are numerically the strongest, their leading principle being the maintenance of that adjustment of power between the two Provinces which formed the basis of the Union that was once thought, and not wholly without reason, to be a master-stroke of policy. Of course the supporters of this party are found chiefly among the French population of Lower Canada, who have everything to lose by re-opening constitutional questions and hastening the time when the growing power of the Upper Province shall finally obtain its destined predominance over the older and less progressive section of the country. Opposed to the French Conservatives stands the compact party which represents the aspirations of the English settlement. The action of this party has in reality been directed by Mr. BROWN, the editor of the most influential paper in Upper Canada, much more than by its nominal leader, Mr. MACDONALD; and though it has advanced with considerable caution, it has never concealed its aim of obtaining absolute supremacy over the French element of the country. The astonishment with which the outbreak of Orangeism on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of WALES was received in England was natural enough, while it was supposed to be a mere objectless reproduction of Irish passions on the other side of the Atlantic; but Orangeism in Canada springs from the same cause, and has the same significance, as in the land of its birth, and its extreme intensity is perhaps due to the fact that the division of race and language coincides with religious antagonism. The English Protestants are as eager for ascendancy over the French Catholics as the Orangemen of Ulster ever were for Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. And, sooner or later, they could not fail to succeed if matters remained as they are; for while the Upper Province is absorbing nearly the whole of the immigration, the population of Lower Canada grows at a much slower rate, and has already been outstripped by the Protestant province. The two minor parties which make up the pieces of the political chess-board are the Rouges of the French province and the Irish section. The Rouge faction is chiefly distinguished for its steady opposition to the French Conservatives, and is bound to the great Protestant party by no other tie than a common animosity. The Irish vote has been as fluctuating on the St. Lawrence as at home; but, in spite of religious antagonism, it has of late leaned more to Mr. BROWN than to Mr. CARTIER, for reasons which may be as intelligible as those which explain the support given to Lord DERBY by the large majority of our Irish members. The successive failures of both sides to establish themselves firmly in office seemed to indicate that the great conflict could not be much longer delayed. But neither party was strong enough to be anxious to precipitate the real issue, and a last attempt has been made to avert the political conflict between East and West by combining the strength of the two leading parties for the purpose of undoing the work of union, and once more splitting Canada into two separate States, distinct in race, in religion, and in government. For this express purpose a BROWN-CARTIER Ministry has been formed, and unless some division on the difficult details of the project occurs to thwart it, we must expect shortly to hear that a large majority of the Canadian Legislature has declared for a separation of the two Provinces into distinct States, with only a Federal bond between them.

It is not very easy to say how this movement ought to be

regarded by the Home Government. At first sight, it might well be thought that anything tending to weaken the union of Upper and Lower Canada, in the face of such contingencies as may arise from the warlike ardour of their American neighbours, savoured of infatuation; and, indeed, if the Repeal of the Union were the whole scheme, it would be almost as mad a project as its prototype in Ireland. But the views of the leading Canadians are much wider than this, and, in proposing the adoption of the Federal principle for the two divisions of their own country, they contemplate a complete federation of all our North American colonies. Whether such a project is feasible depends on the extent to which strong local prejudices may be made to yield to a common interest; but if the whole of our North American provinces could be bound together for military and commercial purposes in a common federation, the accession of strength might more than counterbalance any loss of power by the partial severance of the most important of those colonies. Recent history is certainly not very encouraging to federal experiments, but it is to be observed that the failure of this machinery in Northern America has been in the opposite direction to what had generally been anticipated. Instead of the separate States encroaching on the central authority, State rights have for the moment been absolutely merged in the domination of the Federal Executive. The final result may present itself in a different shape, but, however this may be, the link of a common allegiance to the Crown of England might give a stability to the projected Confederation greater than that ordinarily enjoyed by an aggregate of strictly independent States. The direct power reserved by the Mother-country is small enough, but her influence may nevertheless be very considerable in determining the success or failure of the scheme in which the political parties of Canada have found a bond of reconciliation. A glance at the map is sufficient to show that some sort of union between these communities is essential for their protection from such neighbours as they possess in the Northern Americans, while the past history of the several colonies excludes the hope of absolute amalgamation, or of any union closer than that of a common Federation under the British Crown. The difficulties to be adjusted before such an undertaking could be successfully carried through would, no doubt, be very serious; many local jealousies and local interests would have to be subdued before a common army or a common tariff would be accepted; but if the large scheme of a Confederation of all our North American Provinces is within the limits of possibility, the projected separation of the two Canadas may be made a source of strength instead of weakness, not only to the Colonies but to the Empire at large.

#### THE EPISCOPAL VOTES.

THE question was once put somewhat rudely, though in print, "What is the use of the Bishops in the House of Lords?" The same question has been put with equal plainness of speech during the present week, and by some who have heard little and care less about Archdeacon DENISON's doubts on the usefulness as Senators of the Right Reverend Bench. On the great party division which has secured the Government to Lord PALMERSTON and his adherents the Bench voted with a remarkable approach to unanimity. The Bishop of OXFORD voted in person, the Bishop of BANGOR sent his proxy, and the Bishop of CHICHESTER paired, each against the Government—three in all; while three Archbishops and seventeen Bishops formed a neat and formidable phalanx on the side of Ministers. The Bishop of PETERBOROUGH at present has no vote, and seven Bishops—namely, those of Winchester, Exeter, St. David's, Lichfield, Llandaff, Norwich, and Ossory—did not appear, either in person or proxy, at the division. Seven absent, three against, and twenty for, Ministers, show a majority of two to one of spiritual approval of the Government. The Bench has, in this proportion, decided that "he is the man of God." It perhaps need hardly be remarked, that of these twenty Right Reverend Fathers, all, with the exception of the Bishops of ST. ASAPH, SALISBURY, and LINCOLN, owe their present thrones either to Lord PALMERSTON or to one of his colleagues. It is a satisfaction to learn that gratitude still throbs in consecrated bosoms, and that, as the old and somewhat irreverent joke has it, the Bishops so generally honour their maker. The flutter, in the lobby, of this unusual press of lawn struck religious terror into the factious hosts led by Lord MALMESBURY, and this interposition of the Spirituality on the side of party must have been considered as an omen of heavenly wrath against the Tory cause. The only traitor to his creator and to family ties was found in the person of

Dr. PELHAM, Bishop of Norwich, who owes his see to Lord PALMERSTON and to his connexion with the Earl of CHICHESTER, but who somehow was not induced to give his vote or his proxy upon party grounds. Far be it from the laity to scrutinize profanely Episcopal motives. The twenty Bishops voted on that side which, as we were glad to find, secured a majority in the House of Commons. But, when so very much has been said about the party and factious motives of the Irish members, we may at least listen to what is generally said about the character of this Episcopal vote.

And first it is said that, as a rule, the Bishops do not pay much attention to the general run of subjects which come before the Upper House. Whether this is a good or an evil, we are not now deciding. There is much to be said either way. On the one hand, it is argued that these secular subjects are not in the clerical line, and that the Bishops may be better employed than in taking their share in the general legislation of the country. There is something of twaddle in this sort of talk, and we could quite understand that a highly educated man of intelligence, and eloquence, and business habits would do the Upper House more good than he would do himself and his lawn sleeves harm by attending constantly to his duties as a Spiritual Lord. But this is not the question. The fact is that the Bishops do not swoop down to a division in the House of Lords except on very special occasions. A special occasion—the special occasion which justifies or demands this unwonted interference in mundane affairs—is the political necessity of saving the Government from a vote of censure, or rather of blunting its edge by interposing Episcopal satin and fine linen. What, then, occurs to lay inquirers is, whether the occasion was one which justified this innovation on a practice laid down by the Bishops for their own guidance. They have come, in practice, to the conclusion that they ought to be conspicuous by their absence on purely political questions. We are far from saying that they are right in passing this self-denying ordinance about their votes. As a fact, however, they constantly and systematically abstain from voting on mere party questions. Why, then, this tremendous and sudden outburst of political interference? Why should the heavenly bodies, each moving in his own calm sphere of sacred thought and unworldly contemplation, all of a sudden, and for this night only, stoop from their sacred orbits, and mix in the mad din and dissonance of a faction fight?

The difficulty about the great Episcopal vote on Friday week is enhanced by the peculiar character of the question before the House. The real issue was the continuance in office of certain lords and gentlemen, but this real issue was never before the Lords. It was to be arrived at only *per ambages*. This was what, in fact, the Bishops voted for; but, in form, they expressed their opinion on a very different question—namely, on the wisdom with which the present Government had conducted the Conference, and the results on the general mind of European statesmen of the mode in which the Conference, and the whole Danish question, had been managed by Earl RUSSELL. Now, of course, it may be all very well for professed politicians like Mr. HORSMAN and Mr. CORDEN to give their votes one way and their voices another. It requires, however, the purely political mind to appreciate the morality of this mode of justifying a vote. If the whole twenty Spiritual Lords really only said what they meant, and only meant what they said—if they actually and with good faith, and with no mental reservation or refined equivocal distinctions, intended to say that they really and honestly thought that Lord RUSSELL had done well as Foreign Secretary, which was what their vote went to—then all that we can say is, the twenty Spiritual Lords are twenty psychological phenomena. They are probably the only twenty men in England who do not think that, as far as mere words and literal intention go, the resolutions of Mr. DISRAELI and Lord MALMESBURY were tenable. But what the Bishops meant was what Mr. CORDEN and Mr. HORSMAN meant—that they did not care what the resolution before the House said; they wanted to keep Lord PALMERSTON in, and Lord DERBY out. This, again, is all very well, and perfectly justifiable to political minds on political grounds. This sort of thing comes very well from political people, but hardly so well from Right Reverend Fathers in God. It looks very like a practice they tell us is very naughty—that of using a non-natural interpretation of words. It does seem to come very near that ugly thing amphibology, which is the fine name for mental evasion, equivocation, and all sorts of Jesuitical wickedness. And it really does shock people who look for very high motive, transparent pellucidity of speech,

and the most accurate and precise identity of words with meaning, at least from their spiritual pastors and masters.

And there is something else which staggers people about this same Episcopal vote. If the cause was such a very important one, if the duty to God and man of keeping Lord PALMERSTON in office was so highly imperative, if the conduct of Government in managing the Danish question was so truly great and noble that it required the unusual sanction of so large an Episcopal benediction, it would but have been charity in our ghostly fathers to have vindicated their votes by their sacred voices. Who knows what effect upon the Tory Lords a solemn Episcopal allocation might have had? If the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London had but given utterance to what we feel assured possessed their souls on that momentous night—if, in the name of those sacred interests which they sat on those hallowed benches to defend, they had pointed out how true religion, the interests of the Church, and all those high truths and responsibilities which must present themselves in more constraining force to Bishops than to other men, were imperilled by Lord MALMESBURY's resolutions—who knows but that the whole House might have been instantly converted? What more touching spectacle can be imagined than Lord BATH on his knees recognising the voice of Heaven, and exclaiming *Digitus Dei*? What sight could be conceived more edifying than the sudden and instantaneous conversion to better things and to sounder views of truth, as well as to improved practice in the matter of hair, of all the bearded peers after a pious exhortation from the Bishop of ROCHESTER? The Bishops, by their silence, lost a grand opportunity for what might have been a great political revival. The effects of that eloquence which they suppressed might have annihilated Toryism for ever, if the Bishops had but shown, as their votes prove that they felt, that God ALMIGHTY was on the side of the Whigs. Of course, the charming address of the Duke of ARGYLE did much to reduce the hostile majority, but who can conjecture what more important results might not have followed from a deeply spiritual improving of the occasion by the Bishop of RIPON, or an exposition of that undoubted truth of prophecy that the frogs of the Apocalypse meant Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY by that great interpreter of Scriptural difficulties Bishop WALDEGRAVE of Carlisle? The Bishops only did half their duty by giving all their votes in silence. If

A saint in linen's twice a saint in lawn,

a good reason from a Temporal Lord is twice as good, twice as cogent, twice as instructive, when uttered by Episcopal lips. The next time the Bishops vote *en masse* to keep their patrons in office, we trust they will justify their votes by their speeches; and then perforce all the world of politicians will at once by acclamation accept that utterance—be it Whig or Tory—which, if it is not the voice of the HOLY SPIRIT, is the voice of those who, by virtue of their office, are the dispensers of sacred gifts, and therefore likely to be endowed with more than earthly insight into things temporal as well as spiritual.

#### AMERICA.

THE confused and scanty accounts from the seat of war in America are, on the whole, unfavourable to the invaders. A portion of SHERIDAN's force, which was previously stated to have arrived in safety on the James River, appears to have suffered a considerable defeat in the neighbourhood of White House. Another division of the Federal cavalry had been interrupted on its return from an expedition against the Danville railroad, and it appeared uncertain whether it would effect its escape. Nothing had been heard of HUNTER since his execution of a rapid strategic movement in the direction of the Potomac, with the Confederates at his heels; nor is any further progress claimed for SHERMAN's invading army. The Federal Government has probably come to the end of its reinforcements, and the recruits who have already been sent to the front must be inadequate substitutes for the veterans of two or three campaigns. Two full months have elapsed since General MEADE informed several malcontent regiments that they had still two months to serve, and a not inconsiderable portion of the army has by this time taken its discharge. The soldiers of the Potomac have given abundant proof of their courage and perseverance, but probably no troops in the world, with the exception of the Confederates, would voluntarily persevere in the painful and bloody struggle of Virginia when they have a legal right to retire. The sufferings of GRANT's troops, though they have been as far as possible alleviated by unlimited expenditure and by organized charitable effort, must lately have been ex-

traordinarily severe. In the burning climate of the South not a drop of rain had fallen for a month, and the supply of water in the camp had proved insufficient. The only reason for supposing that the capture of Richmond is still feasible is to be found in the obstinate prosecution of the campaign. It is impossible to attribute to General GRANT the selfish and childish vanity of destroying his army in detail for the mere purpose of postponing a practical admission of defeat.

As long as a possibility of success remains, GRANT may be justified in holding his ground, because he can at any time secure a retreat for the remnant of his army. By blocking the upper part of the James River, he can protect himself against naval disaster, and his own gunboats could effectually cover his embarkation. Unless SHERMAN has already retraced his steps to Chattanooga, his position must be far more anxious. General JOHNSTON may perhaps not even yet be strong enough to meet the Federals in the open field, but FORREST and his coadjutors can only be prevented from cutting SHERMAN's communications by the detachment of forces which must render an advance by the main army hazardous or impossible. It is said that SHERMAN has already lost 30,000 men in the campaign, and the Government can spare him no reinforcements, except perhaps some three months' volunteers. Unless the fortune of the war speedily changes, even the imperturbable optimists of the New York papers will perhaps begin to doubt whether the present summer is to witness the triumphant termination of the war. General GRANT has done even less than M'CLELLAN to justify the extravagant praises of his admirers, unless it may be considered as a merit to have taxed to the utmost the endurance and patience of his army. With all their shortcomings, the Americans may henceforth claim a foremost place among warlike nations. The wonderful vigour and pertinacity of the Federals has only been surpassed by the more marvellous energy and courage of the South. The respect which is always felt for military aptitude will be the only compensation for the loss of more than half a million of men, and for an incalculable expenditure of money.

The financial difficulties of the North will not be diminished by Mr. CHASE's unexpected retirement. No Minister has been more extravagantly praised or more loudly censured; but, on the whole, he has thus far solved the problem which was presented to him with remarkable ability. The PRESIDENT, the Cabinet, and the nation at large are responsible for the lavish outlay, which would, in fact, have been justified by early and complete success. The North was, in the first instance, well-advised in profiting to the utmost by its vast superiority of numbers and wealth. It was expedient, in default of trained armies, to bring apparently irresistible masses into the field; and recruits could only be obtained by high pay and by large bounties, while the provision of arms and stores offered unprecedented openings for cupidity and fraud. Mr. CHASE's business was to find five or six hundred millions sterling in three years, and by various devices he has accomplished his task. No rival could have done more, and probably the work could not have been done cheaper. The people were not inclined to pay the taxes which Congress slowly consented to vote, and it was obviously impossible for the Government to rely mainly on the ordinary revenue. A country which possesses a metallic currency can always be forced to lend the entire amount to the Government without interest, by the mere issue of paper money. Having floated perhaps a hundred millions of greenback-notes, Mr. CHASE found another source of profit in the banks, and it is only of late that he has been driven to rely exclusively on regular loans. The premium on gold seems to show that the currency has been unduly inflated, but it would perhaps have been impossible to obtain authority for unlimited borrowing until it became evident that the issue of paper was rapidly becoming impracticable. At the beginning of the war, Mr. CHASE attempted to play on the conceit and ignorance of his countrymen by describing the high rate of interest which he offered as a reward to the devotion of patriotic capitalists. At present a Finance Minister would scarcely attempt to take credit for wanton extravagance when he offered fourteen or fifteen per cent. for the supplies of money which are indispensable to the prosecution of the war. As a politician, Mr. CHASE is as vulgar, as unscrupulous, and as violent, as the majority of American politicians; and it is not impossible that he may have resigned in the hope of profiting by the unpopularity which Mr. LINCOLN will incur, if the expedition against Richmond ends in utter failure. As a financier, the late Secretary of the Treasury may boast of having excelled PITT in the art of

raising money, though the English Minister relied chiefly on taxation, while Mr. CHASE could only negotiate different kinds of public securities. If American customs were consistent with the employment of able men in the places for which they are qualified, room would be found for Mr. CHASE in the Senate, or the House of Representatives, as Chairman of one of the Committees on Finance.

The absurd incompetence of a Legislature which excludes practical statesmen and men of business has been illustrated by the fall in the nominal price of gold from 280 to 230 on the repeal of the ridiculous Gold-bill. Mr. FESSENDEN will have even less authority than Mr. CHASE, nor can any course which he can adopt materially relieve the finances. In plays and novels, spendthrifts are accustomed to heap reproaches on stewards or lawyers who have provided them, at their own request, with the means of prodigality. Mr. FESSENDEN will probably incur the censure which is really due to the advocates of the war within and without the Cabinet. If he resists the dangerous temptation of still further adulterating the currency, he can only bid in the money markets of his own country and of Germany and Holland for the vast sums which it will be his duty to furnish. He will not be able even to prevent the manufacturers and iron-masters from intercepting, by their influence in Congress, a large part of the taxes which are urgently needed to meet the public wants. The post is so unenviable that its new incumbent must be supposed to accept office from a genuine feeling of duty. Perhaps he may expect to be relieved of his duties in a few months by the possible accession of a new President. The Democrats have prudently postponed their Convention till August, and by that time they may perhaps have determined on adopting a policy of their own, instead of mimicking or hypocritically exaggerating the warlike professions of the Republicans. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM'S reappearance in Ohio seems to indicate the revival of the peace party, for hopelessly small minorities in America never oppose themselves to the current of popular feeling. The depreciation of the currency and the probable failure of the summer campaign will furnish forcible arguments against the indefinite prosecution of the war.

#### NATIONAL PROTESTS.

A FEW days ago, while the impending division on the Danish question was occupying universal attention, Mr. J. S. Mill addressed a letter to the *Daily News* which, like everything he writes, was well worth considering. The point which Mr. Mill wished to enforce was the expediency and the duty of uttering national protests against the wrongful acts of foreign Governments, and of thus bringing the public opinion of England to bear upon the conduct of the world. It was, he urged, quite unnecessary that these protests should be in the remotest degree connected with any intention of making war on the wrongdoers. England might say that she had no wish or power to check the wrong by force, but at any rate she could keep the moral opinion of the world in a healthy state, and proclaim that a wrong was a wrong. She could strip off the covering of hypocrisy, and hold up bad deeds and bad men in their naked hideousness to the world. Evidently, although the letter, being published when it was, seemed to have some bearing on the question at issue between the Government and the Opposition, this bearing was only a very remote one. The Government was not accused of uttering a national protest without an intention of going to war, but of uttering a national protest with a seeming intention of going to war. This is quite a different thing, and Mr. Mill took very good care to avoid mixing up his case with the defence of Lord Russell. Whether it is wise and even incumbent on us to utter national protests against wrongdoers when we plainly say that, if the wrongdoers like to go on doing wrong, we shall do nothing to hinder or punish them, is a novel question, and one which, in spite of Mr. Mill's authority, most persons will find it difficult to answer. The first thing that occurs is that there is one Sovereign who exactly comes up to Mr. Mill's ideal—who is always uttering protests, always basing his protest on the highest and noblest moral and religious grounds, and who is absolutely prevented by his position from fighting; and this Sovereign is the Pope. The ideal of Mr. Mill might seem to be realized by those ecclesiastical windbags of denunciation which probably please their authors, but are without any appreciable effect on the politics of Europe. But it never leads us to truth, in such inquiries, to take illustrations which we know do not satisfy the spirit, although they may satisfy the letter, of what is put forward. If we look to private society, we see that many bad things are either prevented or punished by the condemnation of those who give the tone to general opinion; and as this opinion becomes purer and wiser, its effect becomes greater. For example, drinking to excess has now been banished from decent society, because the disrepute which a drunkard would incur among respectable families is sufficient to overawe a man inclined to drink. Every now and then there is a person, like a fierce theological clergyman or a fanatical landlord,

who tries to set up new standards of duty, and to reprobate what he chooses to consider crimes. The neighbourhood rises against him or laughs at him, just as lay Europe despises the effusions of the Pope. But still the general influence of social opinion continues, and it is on the whole a wholesome influence, though sometimes inclined to ally itself with the tyranny of a narrow conventionality. If individuals are thus kept right, to a certain extent, by the growth of a good and a strong social opinion, why should not nations be kept right in the same way? We can see some signs that the enlightened and healthy opinion of the more advanced nations of Europe has already done some good, and this good may be supposed capable of being increased. In a general way, therefore, we are inclined to admit that Mr. Mill is right, and that national protests are good things, but there appear to us to be practical difficulties besetting their utterance to which attention ought to be given.

In the first place, who is to utter a national protest, and when does a protest become national? We have two great modes of declaring our opinion—the press and Parliament. Now, to say that the English press ought to make national protests is scarcely to say anything. Of course, if it thinks foreign nations ought to be abused, it will abuse them. There is every motive why it should do so, and none why it should not. It hurts the feelings of no readers, and it gratifies the national vanity of many, to say that our neighbours in Europe are wicked and deceitful and tyrannous and generally bad, whereas we are unselfish, quiet, gentle, and noble. If a national protest means the utterance of the press, it means what we have got already, and what we often have too much of. What the English press in general wants, in discussing foreign affairs and the behaviour of foreign Governments, is not vehemence, but knowledge. And if the English press errs from ignorance, much more does the press of other countries. We all know, for example, how much we are misrepresented as well as decry by American journalists. We conceive, therefore, that Mr. Mill means that a national protest should be made in Parliament; and if in Parliament then by Ministers, for no one else can speak effectively or legitimately on behalf of the nation. In fact, Mr. Mill means that Lord Russell should have used the language he did to Russia about Poland, and to the German Powers about Denmark, only that he should have made it perfectly clear that he did not mean to fight. But then it is not always that the utterances of Ministers can be accepted as national protests. For the Government may only be speaking the opinions of a small portion of the nation, or of a portion of the nation large, but very far from the whole. When, for instance, Lord Derby was last in office, he and his Cabinet were decidedly adverse to the Italians, and thought Victor Emmanuel and Cavour had done very wrong in quarrelling with a good Conservative Power like Austria. Supposing Lord Derby had uttered a public condemnation of the Italians as wrongdoers, and disturbers of treaties and the peace of Europe, it can hardly be said that this utterance would have been a national protest, for the bulk of the English nation is, and was, friendly to Italy. So, again, when Lord Russell lately condemned the Federals for persisting in what he considered an unnecessary and hopeless war, he uttered an opinion with which we certainly are not disposed to quarrel, but which we suppose Mr. Mill himself would consider mistaken, and which would probably be adverse to the sentiments of numbers of persons who, as readers of penny newspapers, have a theoretical capacity of judging questions of foreign politics. However just, therefore, his condemnation of the Federals may have been, it cannot be considered to have been a national protest.

The second difficulty is a still greater one. When are these protests to be made, and how far is it desirable that Ministers should represent, countenance, and express the hasty dictates of popular ignorance? Mr. Mill, for example, wrote his letter at the time when the Schleswig-Holstein question was being discussed, and it is natural to ask how far what he said was applicable in this case. The Ministry and the great majority of English journals condemned Germany altogether. But the great majority of English journals were written by persons who actually prided themselves on not knowing anything about Schleswig-Holstein, and who would have thought that they were degrading themselves to the accursed condition of German Professors if they had attempted to understand it. Ministers, probably, knew better what were the facts with which they had to deal; but then, as Mr. Gladstone showed in his speech, they had two opposite and irreconcilable objects to combine; they had to respect the nationality of the Duchies, and to uphold a treaty violating that nationality. In such a case, suppose that Ministers, wishing to say something popular, parade the one of these objects which the English public best understands, but which they themselves see must in the long run be abandoned, and that they echo the opinions of critics whose ignorance is more than voluntary, and is a source of positive pleasure to them. What they say under such circumstances can scarcely be called a national protest. And this leads us to a third difficulty. What will be the probable effect of the protest on the persons who are the immediate subjects of the condemnation? Very often it will be wholly inoperative. The condemnations of the whole of Germany which have been uttered in England have had simply no effect on Germany at all, because they avowedly came from persons who did not pretend to understand what they were talking of, or who, if they knew, had official reasons for seeming not to know it. The Germans have been smarting for ten years under the humiliation of having had to abandon, at the

dictation of Russia, the position they had gained in Schleswig-Holstein; and now Mr. Gladstone informs them that Russia had nothing to do with Prussia's acceptance of the Treaty of 1852, and that it was Lord Palmerston who was the sole author of that glorious triumph of diplomacy. What can a German who reads Mr. Gladstone's statement do but laugh at it? Either it must have been made in utter ignorance of the recent history of Germany, or it must have been made to suit some little purpose of English politics with which Germans have nothing to do.

For a national protest to be effective, therefore, it must be, in the first place, made by Ministers; secondly, it must be supported by the general consent of English opinion; thirdly, it must be well founded; and fourthly, it must come home, or at least be likely to come home, to the people against whom it is directed. We cannot recall any recent national protest fulfilling all these conditions, except the national protest against the continuance of the rule of Austria, and of the satellites of Austria, in Italy. The opinion of England was in this instance expressed by Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell; the assent it obtained from the country was so strong that the Conservative leaders who disapproved of it were cowed into silence; it was fully justified by the history of Italy since the Peace of 1815; and it had some effect upon the policy of Austria, while it helped to determine that of France and of Italy. On the other hand, the protest of England against the conduct of Russia to Poland failed in its effect, because it was only partially well founded, and because the Russians thought that the existence of their Empire was at stake. Lord Palmerston's protest against the conduct of General Butler at New Orleans had the effect of making him for the moment a popular hero in America. It satisfied all the conditions of a national protest, except that it set the national vanity of the Americans against their sense of justice and humanity. It was made by a Prime Minister; it had the unanimous assent of Englishmen, for even the War-Christians are ashamed of Butler; it was incontestably well-founded; but it riled the Yankees, and they made an idol of this vulgar bully. Probably it can very seldom happen that a national protest should do all that it is meant to do. But then it may be said that, if a national protest does no other good, it has a fine moral effect on the nation that makes it, giving a consistency and a direction to its opinions, and furnishing it with a beneficial standard. To a certain extent this is true. It may have done Englishmen good to have denounced Butler, and a national protest of this sort made by us may induce the representatives of England to behave better than Butler did, if they are ever tried as he was tried. It is also an excellent thing that a nation should have a keen feeling of hatred of injustice, and this feeling may be kept alive if it is encouraged to express itself even when the facts alleged are misrepresented. It is, perhaps, desirable that Englishmen should boil with indignation when they hear that a little Power like Denmark is being oppressed by two big Powers, although, as a matter of fact, this indignation would seem misplaced if all the truth were known. At the same time, a nation might easily become censorious, vain, and malicious if it were too frequently to indulge in the moral delight of denouncing its neighbours without assuring itself that it was right; and it seems doing evil that good may come if a nation seriously proposes to exalt its tone by greedily swallowing and repeating calumnies.

#### SUBALTERN ECONOMICS.

THERE are two ways of regarding a profession. It may be resorted to as a means of maintenance, or it may be adopted for the sake of a certain social status and defined position which it brings. A very large number of cases will, of course, be found to lie between these views and to partake of both of them; but, putting it roughly, professions are adopted either for use or for ornament. This, of course, relates to their secular aspect merely—that in which immediate self-interest supplies the motives of action. It is possible for a man to embrace, not only the sacred, but any other profession, from "higher" motives; especially from a conviction that it is the one in which he is likely to do most good, and serve God the best. But such motives, as operating independently of economic considerations, we at present omit from our view.

Now, taking the army as a profession, it is entered from either of the two motives above mentioned, or from both combined. But here we should perhaps distinguish between the motives of the older responsible person whose judgment sways that of the younger, and those of that younger himself who enters it. The same step may be taken from the point of view of the guardian, with a view to the former object, and from that of the youth whose name he puts down on the list for examination, with a view to the latter. At eighteen we are often too full of life to trouble ourselves about the means of living; but carrying a colour, mounting a uniform, taking a full swing of divers social or animal pleasures, enjoying a certain ball-room prestige, and having much leisure for billiards, are attractions in the eyes of light-minded youth. Thus he graciously consents to the proposal of "the governor" or "relieving officer," or by whatever other fond and reverential title he prefers to designate his parent, and becomes an ensign. And, again, we ought to take into view the fact that influential connexions, and powerful interest at head-quarters, often change the whole prospect as regards professional considerations. The profession of an officer "and a gentleman"—an important qualifica-

tion carrying weighty financial consequences—may not be remunerative at first; but in the course of years, when wild oats have been sown in such sort as to avoid injurious scrapes, it may turn out so, and the officer "and gentleman" may become a self-supporting concern, and prove a judicious investment.

What is secured by influential connexions to some comes by the wheel of fortune to a few more, especially, of course, amid the brisk rotation which a war imparts to it. And here the soldier's may become a profession of great prizes for a few—the few who possess merit, and whose merit finds opportunities of displaying itself and being recognised, and who are left from among the victims of disease, or shipwreck, or wounds. And this remote and doubtful contingency is what dazzles the eyes of many persons who have no peculiar penetration as regards the chances of life. Perilous and dubious as the prospect is, these conditions make it only more conspicuous, and enhance its fascinations. It is the old story of the one prize amid many blanks; the more numerous they are who miss the prize, the more of admiration is lavished on the lucky dog who draws it. But to the many who enjoy no leverage of powerful friends, and whom no such luck befalls, the army, as a professional subsistence, is a mere illusion. It is impossible, in all the stages of human life, to subsist upon pay. The ensign cannot pay his way. The captain cannot marry, unless it be a lady whose attractions are of a substantial and permanent character, that, of a "good round figure"—at her banker's. The causes of this are obvious, but the extent to which they are removable is very doubtful. Yet it seems certain that the fact that expenses must outrun resources derivable from the paymaster is not so generally accepted by parents of limited income with a large progeny of "fine" sons. The pay, which begins at between 90*l.* and 100*l.* a year, cannot afford a dinner at 2*s.* per diem, and an annual outlay of hardly less, by the closest screwing, than 20*l.* a year for regimentals only. But the necessary regulation expenses, including mess and band subscriptions, are far from constituting the largest items in the schedule of a subaltern's liabilities. It is of no use looking at the letter of regulations unless we take into view the traditions of the service, and the spirit which has actuated successive generations of officers "and gentlemen." The last expressive suffix does a good deal to illustrate the question on its social side. It suggests that there is always a tacit and, in many of its relations, an express connexion between the officering of the army and the aristocracy of the country. Whatever may be thought of the advance of the upper middle class, and however numerous the cadets from such houses who hold Her Majesty's commissions, it seems certain that on matters of etiquette, of *ton*, and of taste in those adjuncts of life which arise spontaneously from a certain social condition, they either receive and do not give the tone, or, so far as they influence it, they do so in the direction of expensiveness. The *nouveau riche* who springs into society from the till, the counting-house, or the factory, knows what is expected of him; and, if cold looks are shown, and a grudging admission is conceded to him, when he flings his money in people's faces, he yet knows that those adverse conditions will be relaxed for his son, and takes his measures accordingly. To such a one a son and successor is at once a means of showing wealth and something more—a means of the family's emerging from a lower into a higher position and connexions. A son at Eton, and afterwards in a cavalry regiment, answers the same end as a close carriage, a stall at the Opera, a stud of horses, or a cellar replete with nectareous vintages. He is a living proof that money exists and is being spent freely. But he also is a pledge taken from fortune for the further social advances of the family. In him the family tree is no longer the biggest cabbage yet raised from the dirty mould; it becomes a goodly standard, bearing golden fruit, *ex auro ramos ex auro poma*. Let us suppose that such a prodigal father—for it is not of prodigal sons that our economic homily discourses—has yet a grain of sense which balances his pile of nuggets or "plums," and wishes to give the young fellow a profession which will offer some inducements against his proving a mere vapid voluptuary. He will in that case select probably an infantry regiment, but will not certainly abridge the youth's allowance or dishonour his bills out of consideration for the less lavish scale of expenditure expected in that branch of the service. The young fellow will fling his money fast and furiously, and will tend to raise the standard of expensiveness for his fellows; and, unless the lieutenant-colonel be a Lycurgus and the major a Rhadamanthus, it must be a strange regiment which two or three such men will not make too rapid for any but themselves to keep pace with without ruin.

The great advance of the middle class in material wealth is a principal cause, therefore, of the expensiveness of the army; and it is more powerful because it chimes in with a good deal of established tradition which pervades all ranks in that gallant body, from the private

Who lives on his pay,

And spends half a crown out of sixpence a day,

as the old song has it, up to a rank sufficiently high to consist of men who have become seasoned and sobered against the charms of boyish extravagance. For indeed it is to be noticed that it is amongst the junior members of the service only that the charge of expensiveness or extravagance lies. The wild recklessness of animal spirits, or the passion for a possible ingredient of adventure, which makes a proportion of youths seek the army from choice, tends to make them hold economy to be the better part of finance only in the same sense that "discretion is the better part of valour." The free joyous roystering that never asks what is to

pay, and that gambles, drinks, and dies with the same prodigality and exuberance of bravado, will always form to a large and noisy contingent their ideal of military life. But few are so lacking in mental or moral ballast as not to see before middle age the vacuity of their favourite type; while, as regards the necessary club expenses, as we may call them, of the corps, these do not rise in so large a proportion as pay rises, and leave a balance, perhaps small, but not plainly against the captain as against the ensign. Still, when the coltish passion for a fling has subsided, the standard expected of an officer "and a gentleman" will always make garrison or barrack life a comparatively expensive thing. A certain spending power seems implied by the latter title. It assumes a certain relish for completeness and finish of personal equipment, a certain margin of allowance for any taste that is decidedly "gentlemanly." It comes with an emphasis which tells ominously against scrutinizing bills, retrenching items of outgoing, and keeping in check the sallies of prodigality. Applied to these subjects, it seems to warn a man significantly off from parsimony or nearness; it suggests the shrug of a cold shoulder at the rigid financier, and the "dead cut"—worse than the sentence of all courts-martial—as reserved for the "screw." It throws all the weight of opinion against this extreme, while it has a mild shake of the gentlemanly head at the opposite extreme of extravagance, embarrassment, and financial collapse.

Nor ought we to omit from considerations leading to expensiveness the fact of the purchase system, which seems to assume that a certain weight of purse is the *sine quâ non* of aspirants to a commission. It is not merely that the aspirant must pay his footing, which may be compared with the putting so much capital into a business, but his successive steps must also be bought; and when the money has been lodged at the agent's and its annual interest deducted from his pay, the fact that the residue will cover about one-third of his inevitable expenses is accepted as the necessary incident of so honourable a service. The greater stress belongs to this consideration, because the question of adhering to or abandoning the purchase system has very lately come under the formal review of a Commission, who have reported in favour of adhering to it. This seems to settle the question of a certain scale of expensiveness. That system was, if we remember rightly, supported mainly on the ground that it gave chances of more rapid promotion to men who must otherwise tide along the torpid current of advancement by seniority. By the converse of the adage that "time is money," it looked to money as more summarily working the effects of time; but it took into view the fact that there are enough young men with money or expectations likely to come forward, to keep the system popular; and that this on the whole tends more to equalize the chances of promotion than the rule of seniority for the many, violently disturbed by "influence" for the few. At the same time, the decision seemed tacitly to recognise that to let in young fellows who could not pay would probably import a new and undesirable element into the average character of an officer "and a gentleman." That gallant person pays the interest on from 800*l.* to 1,200*l.* for the privilege of being shot at, and, in order to keep that agreeable prospect open, agrees to live at an expense which trebles his professional receipts. We say the interest, because, as he buys, so he may under ordinary circumstances sell, and receive his principal back again.

The worst of the whole question of what a young officer need spend seems to the civilian eye to be its great indefiniteness. We seem to be only able to say that he cannot spend less than a certain amount. How much more he may find it extremely difficult to avoid will depend upon a number of considerations—his own vigorous individuality and resoluteness, and the extent to which he cherishes an inbred horror of an unreceipted bill, being the foremost of these. And here we cannot but pause to pay homage to the sterling principle and lofty conscientiousness which, placed by circumstances in a position of expensiveness, or, having perhaps chosen at a sacrifice the profession of arms from an ennobling love of its heroic side, accepts the mortification of poverty in the midst of an atmosphere of extravagance; and, although to live on pay is arithmetically impossible, yet spares the home purse wherever possible without actual dishonour. He has chosen his adopted calling for a practical use, where others have chosen it for ornamental reasons. He, perhaps, has only silver to show where they have gold, but morally he shines and weighs like a nugget among "Brummagem" buttons. How many young fellows would not rather march up to a breach once a day than decline a subscription—optional in the sense in which such things are optional—to a fancy ball or a steeple-chase! To resist, where age and authority lead the other way, and where all around conspire to tempt compliance, is a hard task for youth ingenuous and liberal. If to withstand the pressure of overtures to extravagance in ordinary society be moral courage, this, in a young man at or near the tail end of a regimental list, is moral heroism. It is literally the choice of Hercules, transferred to the modern life of epaulettes and buckskin gloves. Yet we know as a fact that it is no mere ideal. Of course, next to this vital element of a youngster's holding his own in every such question, the vigilance and sympathy of the senior in command, as we have already hinted, is important. With about three or four senior men it virtually rests in almost every case what the tone of the regiment shall be. They may make it so unpleasant for the junior who does not wish to spend, that he would often rather be broiled alive than endure it; and the unfortunate but well-principled youth, who will not squander his sister's portions, may have the choice of premature retirement or the

chance of exchanging. "Should this meet the eye" of any such senior at Aldershot or elsewhere—

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight of arms—

he will do well to ponder his opportunities of influence in discouraging indebtedness among his juniors. Of course there are some headstrong and heedless ones whom nothing can save; but there are many more who are ductile to the unspoken authority of years, professional eminence and experience. It is difficult to see where all the qualities which make a man influential with others can have such scope as at the head of a regiment, unless it be on the quarter-deck of a ship. But this reminds us that the questions which we have stirred have a grave importance afloat as well as ashore, and that it were best to defer the pursuit of them off *terra firma* to a further article. We will only observe, in concluding this portion of our subject, that to attempt to remedy the evil of launching young men in an unremunerative profession of indefinite expensiveness by raising their pay would be utterly chimerical. Even on the improbable assumption of an increase in the pay of, say, the thousand ensigns in the service (taking a round number, and having the line only in our eye) by 25*l.* a head per annum, the only result would be that those young gentlemen would collectively spend probably 50,000*l.* a year more on the strength of it, not that they would be collectively indebted 25,000*l.* a year less. Then what should we have to do for the lieutenants? And if lieutenants and ensigns came out of the Paymaster-General's office sucking their fingers, would not the captains soon have a word to say for themselves? Would not they murmur at the "Benjamin's mess" thus served out to their younger brethren? And where it all would end, if it once began, Mr. Gladstone only knows. But, leaving such unpractical questions, we cannot too strongly caution fond mothers having paragons of sons against the notion that for an ensign to live on his pay is possible.

#### HEREDITARY SUCCESSION.

THERE is nothing which more tends to make history misunderstood than to look, often unconsciously, on the laws and usages of one time and place as if they were necessarily of force in another. This is a different matter from the fault of judging one time and place by the moral or conventional standard of another. The temptation to this last fault is so very strong that perhaps nobody overcomes it altogether. Probably those who best succeed in realizing how men looked at things in other times succeed after all very imperfectly. And again, though doubtless it is always done very imperfectly, it is sometimes, in another sense, done too completely. The moral standard of different times and places varies so widely that one who attempts to throw himself into the spirit of other days may sometimes be tempted to forget that the eternal difference between right and wrong exists in all times and places. The existence of a vicious public opinion may undoubtedly lessen, but it cannot wholly take away, the guilt of distinct moral offences. To steer clear of both these errors—never to substitute the standard of the present for the standard of the past, and at the same time to remember that both those standards themselves must be judged by an eternal standard—is by no means an easy task. The fault that we are speaking of is capable of much easier correction. The fact that other times and places judged of various moral and social points quite differently from ourselves is sometimes not a little hard to realize; but it ought not to be in any way hard to realize that different times and places live under different positive laws. Every one ought to see that, though morality is eternal, yet positive legislation is in itself local and temporary. The force of a positive law is limited by the geographical extent of the lawgiver's jurisdiction, and the law itself is at any time liable to be repealed by another lawgiver of equal authority. Yet it not uncommonly happens that enactments which are in themselves mere positive laws become so familiar, and are looked on with such reverence, that people take them for granted, as if they were something in the eternal fitness of things. They have a difficulty in understanding that the law of other nations may rightly be different; they find it next to impossible to understand that the law of their own nation once was quite different. If the fact is too plain to be denied, they still have a lurking feeling that it ought to have been otherwise—that an age or nation is in some way blameable if its legislation does not adapt itself to their favourite pattern. It is often a lurking feeling, one which they would hardly put into so many words, but it is still one which seriously affects their estimate of events and characters. How utterly any such notions must upset all right judgment of history we need hardly point out at any length.

The great points on which people seem to have a difficulty in understanding that all legislation may alter according to the diversities of countries, times, and men's manners, are questions connected with hereditary succession, especially with the hereditary succession to kingdoms and principalities. Few people would now profess the seventeenth-century doctrine of divine right in all its fulness, but ideas derived from that doctrine constantly affect men's judgments both of past history and of present events. Our law of succession both to the Crown and to private property is now thoroughly settled, and it is a great gain that it is settled. But the real gain is much more in having it settled somehow than in the particular way in which it is settled. Many of the points which once were in dispute are in themselves quite

indifferent; the only thing was to have some fixed rule which might exclude disputes. That the son of a deceased elder brother should succeed the grandfather, rather than the second brother, is a convenient arrangement, but that the second brother should succeed would have been equally convenient. The only important thing was to have it firmly settled one way or the other, so that no question could arise in each particular case. The doctrine of representation, on which the claim of the grandson rests, is certainly no part of the law of nature; it is rather a device drawn out by the subtlety of lawyers, while the doctrine of nearness of kin, on which the claim of the son rests, is really more attractive to unassisted reason than the other. The doctrine of representation is one which in most countries took a long time to establish; in Germany the question is commonly said to have puzzled the wisdom of the whole Empire, and to have been piously referred to the judgment of God in single combat. Yet most people read history with the notion in their minds that the succession of the grandson is not merely a convenient arrangement established by positive law, but something which in itself ought to be. So with other points—the eligibility of minors, the exclusion of bastards, and the like; all have been very gradually established, and times when they were not fully established must not be judged by the standard of our present law. On one important point nations are by no means agreed, but different States have settled it in different ways; we mean the question as to the admission or exclusion of females. No doubt there are strong arguments on both sides; and the mere fact that different nations have come to different conclusions about it plainly shows that it is a fairly open question about which there is no natural law either way. Now in this case, because the diversity is so familiar, people are reconciled to it; nobody sees a usurper either in a Queen of England or Spain who excludes her uncle, or in a King of France who excludes his niece. But, because most nations are now agreed on the other points, people do not see that those points, such as the succession of minors or of grandsons, are just as much open questions for each nation to decide as it pleases as the certainly equally important question of the succession of females. Shall one child succeed, or all the children? To many people the succession of one child, and that the eldest son, seems something grounded on eternal right. But a very little thought will show that it is nothing in the world but a matter which each nation must settle for itself. In the case of private property, it is manifest that the law of the chief nations of Europe is utterly different. Which works better than the other is a fair matter of controversy, but no reasonable person would say that either system is intrinsically unrighteous. As to Kingdoms and other sovereignties, all nations are now agreed as to the succession of a single child; but the division of a Kingdom was everywhere common in early times, and in Germany, in comparatively recent times, Duchies were often divided between several sons, or ruled by several sons in common. And if we select one son, it by no means follows that it should be the eldest son. As something may be said for Gavelkind, so something may be said for Borough English. It is easy to argue that Reuben, and Judah, and the rest of them, go out into the world to make their fortunes, while little Benjamin stays at home to take care of the old people, and therefore has the fairest claim to what they leave behind them. In short, the whole thing is a mere matter of expediency, to be settled by each age and nation as is most likely to work well in that age and nation.

As for Kingdoms, in a modern constitutional State, where the sovereign does not personally govern, the great object is to have a perfectly undisputed law of succession. The great advantage of constitutional monarchy is that the change of rulers, whether the accession of the sovereign, or the displacement of his advisers, takes place with less disturbance, less temptation to violence, than under any other system. But in earlier times, when the personal character of the sovereign was everything, the main object was to get a good King. The difference between a good King and a bad one was so all-important that it might be quite worth while to secure a good King even at the expense of a little fighting on his behalf. A strict law of succession, pointing out one who must succeed at all hazards, would, in such a state of society, have been positively mischievous. The principle of elective monarchy is thus at once reached. But this principle is greatly modified by another. The King must be chosen, and not taken at random; but a sentiment equally strong demands that he shall be the descendant of royal, perhaps of divine, ancestors. The sentiment of reverence for the family is perhaps strongest where the notion of hereditary succession is weakest. So that they all come of the right stock, this sentiment is as much satisfied by a younger branch as by an elder; it even prefers a bastard son to a female heir who will carry the crown into another family. Hence, in an early state of things, the nation or its chiefs choose the King, but only among the members of the royal family. If the King leaves a qualified son, that son is preferred to any one else; if the next in succession (as we should now say) is a female, a minor, or otherwise manifestly unfit to rule, an uncle or cousin who promises better is put over his head. By the same rule it is manifest that, if no qualified person can be found in the royal family, the election becomes perfectly free. No one who really understands those times looks upon either Harold or Hugh of Paris as a usurper.

That this was the law, as of all other European States, so of England before the Norman Conquest and long after the Norman Conquest, and that these old Teutonic notions gave way only very gradually to the refinements of modern legislation, is known to every

really careful student of history. But common readers do not realize it, because the common histories do not bring it out. The peaceable accession of Richard the Second shows that by that time representation was thoroughly understood; but John was no usurper when he succeeded to the Crown by the recommendation of his brother and the election of the Barons. Stephen was no usurper, though he incurred whatever guilt attached to breaking the oath which he and the rest had taken to Matilda. A female ruler was an innovation both in England and in Normandy; and one almost wonders that the great Robert of Gloucester, the nearest, though illegitimate, male, was not pitched upon, like William the Bastard two generations earlier. In earlier times both Eadred and the Great Alfred himself succeeded to the prejudice of their nephews. So did the pious Edward the Confessor. People always talk of Edgar Ætheling as the true heir of his great-uncle; according to our present law King Edward was the true heir of his grand-nephew. None of our minor historians seem to see this, except Mr. G. A. Poole, who goes on to call Edward the Confessor a usurper, and to blame him for keeping out the elder branch. There is certainly nothing like good, thorough-going consistency after all.

As we advance, the notion of election dies out, and the notion of hereditary right strengthens. Henry the Fourth, essentially an elective King, tried to strengthen his right by an utterly groundless hereditary claim. In the House of York we see the extremest doctrine of hereditary right strangely pressed into the service of popular leaders against an essentially conservative Government. Yet there was something like a popular election both of Edward the Fourth and of Richard the Third. But the doctrine never attained full perfection till the time of the Stuarts. Under Elizabeth the kingly office itself was divine, but the succession to it was a matter of human regulation. It was treason to deny that the Queen and Parliament could settle the Crown exactly as they pleased. The reason is clear; Elizabeth had a Parliamentary title which no man could gainsay, but her hereditary right was, in the eyes of many of her subjects and of many foreign nations, exceedingly doubtful. The triumph of hereditary right was in the succession of James, the undoubted lineal heir of Cerdic of Wessex and of William of Normandy, but who came in no less distinctly in the teeth of an Act of Parliament. The present royal family reigns by a purely Parliamentary title, by an election made once for all, but never has the line of succession been so clearly laid down and understood as since its accession. The feeling of hereditary right has therefore, on the whole, grown since their accession; there has been no kind of dispute for more than a hundred years, so that people are now more disposed than ever to take hereditary succession for granted. And not only hereditary succession, but one particular law of hereditary succession, worked so well in the accession of our present Queen—for who can tell what might not have happened if the Duke of Cumberland had succeeded William the Fourth?—that we get less and less capable of understanding that any other system ever existed. But early European history can never be understood unless people realize that the law which regulates the succession to the Crown is precisely of the same nature as any other positive enactment—a law whose present utility nobody doubts, but a law which has no foundation either in the eternal fitness of things or in the early institutions of the country.

#### FULL-FLAVOURED JOURNALISM.

WE have lately received a copy of a newspaper published at Dunedin, New Zealand. The Editor—and he takes no trouble to conceal his name—is Mr. J. G. S. Grant, and he has done us the honour to appropriate our name. No. IX. of this "Review of Politics, Literature, Philosophy, Science, and Art" is, we should say, scarcely dear at sixpence (the price charged), seeing that our contemporary professes to be a manual of philosophy—a subject beyond our humble attainments, or at least beyond our professions. "Philosophy," we conjecture, stands in New Zealand speech, for strong language; and a journal of full-flavoured philosophy such as that taught by the Dunedin sage, though it consists of only eight small pages, has a right to charge as much as we do for our forty pages of tepid disquisition. Journalism, like the ancient wine of Madeira, seems to acquire body and flavour by a voyage to the antipodes, and the *Eatonsville Gazette* and the *Eatonsville Independent* are more than reproduced by the editorial amenities of Otago and Dunedin. A contemporary and rival editor of an Otago paper has, it seems, thought proper to speak of the Dunedin *Review* as "a bosh of impudence, intolerance, absurdity, and folly," and "an incoherent rigmarole;" and its editor is described as "a miserable scribbler who sends forth to the world a tissue of lies conceived in his own cankered imagination." The *Review* is naturally, as they say in America, peckily riled by this civil language, and certainly returns its adversary's fire with vigour. Unfortunately, we are not acquainted with the title of our contemporary's assailant, for Mr. Grant's anger is so great that he falls into metaphors at once. His rival is "the Stafford Street Twinkler" and "a penny candle," and, with a fine contempt of rhetorical analogies, its editor is "the vapid editorial stork of the penny candle, who sports a white neck-tie and a six-foot chimney tile." It is not for nothing that literature has been transported to the Southern world. In regions where nature is prolific of monsters like those of the Australasian Fauna and Flora, where little otters grow ducks'-bills and cherries turn their stones outwards, we can almost

understand a stork editing a penny candle, which is also a penny whistle; and the Dutch pictures of St. Anthony's Temptation have almost prepared us for the phenomenon of a stork sporting a white neck-tie and a six-foot chimney tile. But Mr. Grant is really too rich and redundant in his figures of speech. No sooner does the mind's eye fashion out the vivid stork in its preposterous head-gear, than this master of vituperation conjures up another image, and the writer in "the Stafford Street Twinkler" becomes "a self-inflated frog" and a "useless snob, whose arduous work consists in coming to his office at 12 noon, after pouring a quart of macassar oil on his empty pate," and "droning away a useless life in tap-rooms and bagnios." This combination is distracting, but artistic. A vivid stork, which is also a self-inflated frog and a useless snob, and whose empty pate is deluged by a quart of macassar oil and crowned by a six-foot chimney tile, must be worth a visit to an Otago tap-room to see. The Dunedin journalist, however, it is pleasant to reflect, has higher consolations than this world can give. Not only has Mr. J. G. S. Grant the *mens conscia recti*, but he defies the whole world to find a stain on his spotless scutcheon, a flaw in the lucid transparency of his moral character, or a drawback on his intellectual and philosophical attainments. It is only the highest geniuses which can afford to enlarge upon their own personal attainments, and to challenge the world to say that black is the white of their eye; and, in a fine spirit of indignant self-exculpation almost equal to that of Prometheus appealing to all creation, the Dunedin *Review* blows its own not uncertain trumpet. "The literature of the Dunedin *Review* will stand the test of the highest University in Europe." "Let the editorial stork of the penny candle point out any lie that we ever uttered; if it cannot, it must stand convicted as a base liar." "Our character is beyond the contemptible assertions of Otago editors; we challenge all Dunedin to point out in our character one single flaw, frailty, or infirmity. Come forth, ye despicable frogs, out of your stagnant pools, and croak out your accusations against us, and we shall soon answer them." And though the *tu quoque* style of argument is very properly not forgotten, and though Mr. Grant does not hesitate to say tersely, in reply to some special accusation, "that is a lie," "a gratuitous lie," and even goes so far as to threaten his opponent "with a writ of libel against this *Liar* for his despicable calumnies"—as he writes it—he soon soars to purer and more extra-mundane consolations. "Fortified with a pure conscience . . . we have challenged this base liar to prove any or all of his despicable charges." Rising with the occasion, the injured Editor can afford to be magnanimous and long-suffering. Combining charity, pity, and forgiveness with a slight touch of malediction, Mr. Grant finds, with Uncle Toby, that there is room in the world as it now is both for himself and the blue-bottle. He only forecasts a new moral world when the penny candle shall be extinguished, the whistle be silenced, and the vivid stork and self-inflated frog shall be annihilated. "We might raise an action for foul libel against him, and ruin him. But no man shall ever have to say we have injured a hair of his head in a court of law. We can securely repose in the consciousness of 'a conscience void of offence, both as regards man and God.' We shall go on the even tenor of our way, and can afford to pass over the despicable yelping of illiterate curs and unprincipled liars, toadies, and quasi-editors. We have one consolation to fall back upon, and that is—'The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' The perfect day is drawing nigh when merit shall be rewarded, and when fools and knaves and illiterate hirelings and immoral characters shall be banished beyond the pale of a more perfect social organization. There is no place under God's earnest sky for such characters."

We have sought in vain to discover the cause of all this divine wrath. It may be something connected with the Dunedin pump; or, as the Otago stork charges the *Review* with "besmearing the fame of our wives and daughters with his filthy innuendoes," there may be a Brisis in the case. But, be all this as it may, the editors are terribly in earnest. It may be said that, in small and rough communities among the Otago gold-fields, this sort of thing is a matter of course, and that, when Dunedin has crept up to the Sydney and Melbourne standard of prosperity, decency of language will come, in the regular advance of civilization, to its newspapers. This is true as far as it goes, but it does not quite account for all that is before us, and which is worth a moment's idle commentary. Amongst very vulgar and wholly uneducated people, coarse language and disgusting words are a matter of course. The vocabulary of a costermonger or a cabman is very scanty, and it is possible to believe that he scarcely realizes the extreme filthiness and coarseness of many of his habitual expressions. In the lowest strata of low life many of the worst phrases have been conventionalized, and convey scarcely any meaning to those who use them or to those to whom they are applied. They are, like the flourishes of old-fashioned penmanship, mere expletives, without any direct sense. It is a hasty conclusion, therefore, to suppose that the habitual use of coarse and offensive speech by very uneducated persons necessarily implies a corresponding moral degradation. The variations which a genuine Whitechapel plays upon the derivations of "blood" is a case in point. These derivations are applied indiscriminately to objects of praise and blame, love and hatred; and are often used absolutely in no sense at all. They are the stupid resources of an inadequate *copia verborum*. But all this does not apply to such talk as we have quoted. Nor is it, after all, chosen on Mr. Chucks's principle. It is not that the gold-diggers of New Zealand could not understand

any other language, or appreciate any other style, than that indulged in by the Dunedin and Otago editors, because it may be questioned whether they understand it now. The peculiar point of it escapes their appreciation. If any of our readers are at the trouble of looking again at the manner of speech of Mr. J. G. S. Grant, they will observe that, though it may not quite come up to "the test of the highest University in Europe," yet it is plain that it is written by a man of some sort of education, and addressed to readers of some sort of education also. O'Connell silenced a fishfag exuberant in Billingsgate by calling her an equilateral triangle, and condemning her to a quadratic equation; but it may be doubted whether a New Zealand navy would see any force in saluting an editor as a rapid editorial stork and a Stafford Street twinkler. The question, not altogether uninteresting, is what manner of man the editor of this Dunedin *Review*, and what manner of men his readers, must be. Mr. J. G. S. Grant asserts that [his circulation, albeit of 1,000 copies in Dunedin weekly, exceeds that of any contemporary, and that "it is filed up as a precious Koran from its commencement." No doubt, Otago journalism suits Otago readers; the supply is not out of all proportion to the demand. And this leads us to some appreciation of what colonial life really is. Colonization is not pursued by mere hedgers and ditchers, but it is the work of men of some sort of education—that lamentable education which writes and reads such journalism as we have given specimens of. It is not its mere coarse vituperation and its vulgar slang that is its sole characteristic, but its affectation of high-mindedness, its claims to the assurances of religious conviction, its fictitious morality, its attempt to persuade itself and others that public interests can be furthered and social duties promoted by this personal invective and senseless rodomontade. All this, it may be said, is only after the American model—the true type of colonial civilization. This may be so; but it involves a melancholy consideration. Must it be a matter of course that all our colonies are to be Americanized? The United States present the example of a community which has certainly suffered a social and political degradation. There was nothing in the country of Washington and Franklin to lead to the anticipation that it would ever become the country of Lincoln and Butler. What are we to forecast of the future of a country which starts with a higher form of civilization than the North American States did, and yet which, partly by reason of its higher type, permits the existence of Otago and Dunedin journalism as it is? Modern colonies have not yet succeeded in even equalling the social and moral type of the mother country. Neither Spain nor Portugal stands at the present moment high in the European hierarchy, but Mexican and Brazilian life is much lower. The original vices of the Anglo-American colonists have only grown more inveterate by time. Climate may have a good deal to do with it, since Canada undoubtedly stands higher in all that makes society worth living in than do the United States. The Australasian settlements have greater elements of material prosperity; but there are awkward signs, among which its journalism is not the least pregnant, that they are not likely to throw off that bias which has been the ruin of the American character, and of American institutions too.

#### THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BREWSTER.

ON Wednesday last was buried, at the Brompton Cemetery, Lieutenant-Colonel Brewster, late of the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers, who, to the deep sorrow of his family and friends, and to the heavy loss of the Volunteer service, has been cut off in the flower of life after a few months' illness. His body was escorted to its last resting-place by the regiment which he so efficiently commanded, and all the simple and touching rites of a soldier's funeral were performed with affectionate respect over one who was in heart a soldier. If we might venture to guess what would have been Colonel Brewster's wish, we should say that, as Providence forbade his finding a grave on the Crimean battle-fields, he would have chosen the very place and manner of interment which his friends adopted. Both in the Church of Warwick Square, Piccadilly, and at the Brompton Cemetery, the ceremonial was faultless in arrangement and execution. The Burial Service of the Church only needs to be read audibly and reverently to speak to every heart, and the Dead March in *Saul* is in another way equally impressive. After the last prayer had been read, a party of the Inns of Court Volunteers fired three volleys over the grave, and, having quitted the cemetery, the corps marched homewards with its band playing a lively tune which was a special favourite of the deceased Colonel. This is the usual practice of military funerals, and it is dictated by that reason—

which still hath cried,  
From the first corpse till he that died to-day,  
This must be so.

But, although other duties claim attention and other thoughts occupy the mind, it will be long before the Inns of Court Rifles replace, and still longer before they forget, their lamented Colonel. He was the model of an officer adapted to command a regiment of intelligent and educated Volunteers, and the loss of Colonel Brewster will be felt throughout the Volunteer service, and not merely by his own corps. He showed what could be done in a short time towards making Volunteers efficient, and the value of his assistance was understood by Colonel McMurdo, the Inspector-General of Volunteers, who was among the friends who followed

him to the grave. Colonel Brewster gave the impression of a man equal to any emergency of actual service, and for the training and leadership of the Inns of Court corps he possessed special advantages of birth and education, as well as the pre-eminent qualification of thoroughly understanding the work he had to do. Being the son of Mr. Brewster, Q.C., formerly Attorney-General for Ireland, he had an hereditary claim to the esteem of a corps of lawyers. Further, he had graduated at Oxford before entering the army, and thus he was well acquainted with the feelings of members of the Universities, of whom he had many under his command. Twenty years ago, the number of men who went to Oxford or Cambridge as a preparation for the army was even smaller than it is now. The advantage of such a preparation is indisputable, but unfortunately commissions are usually obtained before the age at which degrees are taken. It happened, however, that Colonel Brewster's youth fell on a time when applicants were kept waiting almost beyond endurance for commissions, and he turned this period, which is too often one of mental vacancy or weariness, to excellent account by reading for a degree at Oxford. And, besides reading for a degree, he acquired in various ways a reputation at Oxford which ensured his popularity with the Inns of Court Volunteers, and inspired in that corps a well-founded belief of his great capacity as an officer. He was noted as an undergraduate at St. John's College for being good across country with hounds, and good upon a coach-box with four-in-hand, but it was as an oarsman that he gained his most enduring fame. In 1842 there was a boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge over the old course from Westminster to Putney, which Oxford won, and No. 4 in the winning boat was Brewster of St. John's. Next year, at Henley, there were entered, for the Grand Challenge Cup, the Oxford University boat and the Cambridge Subscription Rooms' boat. On the day of the race the stroke of the Oxford boat was taken ill, and as the Cambridge men objected, as in strictness they were entitled to do, to a substitute, the Oxonians started with seven oars, and won the race. Brewster, at his old place, No. 4, bore his full share in achieving one of the most remarkable of aquatic victories. In 1846 he took his degree, and soon afterwards entered the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade. He was made adjutant of the battalion in 1848, and in the same year went out to the Cape of Good Hope. He served in the Kaffir war of 1852-3, and received a medal. The exposure to climate and hardships which he underwent in these campaigns brought on severe attacks of rheumatic fever, and doubtless laid the foundation of the disease of which he died. When the battalion of the Rifle Brigade to which he belonged was ordered to the Crimea, he marched with it as far as Portsmouth, hoping against hope that he might be permitted to display his military ability and experience upon a European field of warfare. He had the reputation of being one of the best adjutants of a regiment ever known, and his friends would have confidently expected to see him attain high distinction if Providence had allowed him to enjoy health and opportunity. But the decision of a medical board forbade his embarkation for the Crimea, and, although he continued to hope for improvement, he hoped in vain. The adjutancy of the battalion was kept open for him as long as there appeared any possibility of his satisfying medical requisitions, but he was reluctantly compelled to abandon his life's most cherished hope. A few years afterwards he determined to retire from a position which must be beyond expression irksome to one who feels intellectual capacity for service which his bodily health restrains him from undertaking. He is remembered in the Rifle Brigade as one of the most popular officers of his time. There was nothing that his men would not do for him or with him, and in bush-fighting against the Kaffirs he was very active in finding work for them. To all qualities which are deemed peculiarly soldier-like he added piety of heart and purity and sobriety of life. He left the army in 1858 having attained the rank of captain, and he married a few weeks afterwards.

The beginning of the Volunteer movement found Mr. Brewster unemployed, having had ample experience of a kind of war well calculated to teach one who had the gift of learning how to discriminate between those parts of the English military system which are essential, and those which owe their existence to custom or caprice. Here was exactly the man to instruct Volunteers in what they ought to do and how to do it, and besides he possessed special qualifications for managing the corps of which, by a fortune happy alike for commanded and commander, he became Lieutenant-Colonel, having no Colonel over him. Under his direction, the Inns of Court Rifles took part in all the principal reviews and field-days of the Volunteer force which have been held since its formation. Having good material to work upon, he soon produced a valuable result. His aim was rapidity of movement rather than that precision which is only likely to be attained by devoting to drill a much larger portion of time than Volunteers generally can spare for it. Knowing from experience what war is, and having a mind capable of appreciating modern changes in its conditions, he gave always a practical business-like character to the training of his corps. Emphatically, there was no nonsense about Colonel Brewster, and having learned to obey while learning to command, he possessed what must have been in the eyes of the military authorities no inconsiderable merit—namely, he did what he was told to do and gave no trouble. If he had his men out for a field-day, he did not after one movement allow them to waste time in dressing their line, but immediately called upon them for another. On more than one occasion, competent

observers have expressed astonishment at the number of evolutions which he put his corps through in a given time, and it was truly said that he could turn that corps inside out, and do what else he liked with it. Whether it was a single battalion or a brigade that he commanded, Colonel Brewster handled his force with a firm, unhesitating, and unerring grasp. His management of any command which left him a pretty wide discretion was always such as to show that he thoroughly understood his business; and in particular his conduct of the force which represented the enemy at the Brighton reviews was admirable. He fully gained the confidence of those who had time to become acquainted with him, and even a body of men who were suddenly placed under his orders would have discovered from his first look and word that Colonel Brewster knew what he was about. And this, after all, is the most valuable quality which a leader can possess. For we must always suppose it possible that the Volunteers may one day be called upon to perform the duties for which they have undertaken to hold themselves prepared. That is a contingency which may be regarded with various feelings, according to the position in life, habits, and tastes of those who turn their minds towards it. Theoretically, we all desire that—

Every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

But still it may be suspected that among men of pacific life and conversation *lateat scintilla forsan*; and even in the depths of minds well-stored with legal rules and precedents, and penetrated with a sense of social and family obligations, there may yet lurk unconfessed a hankering after an untried sensation, and a feeling that a taste—just one little taste—of the *certaminis gaudium* would be very pleasant. In the Inns of Court corps in past years some men may have thought of such a day with joy, and all certainly without fear; and always the belief must have been universal, that if they had Colonel Brewster to command, and they were ready to obey, their blood would not be spent in vain.

Thus far we have spoken of what we conceive to be a public loss. But there were between seven and eight hundred members of the Inns of Court Rifle Corps to whom the same event was the death of a dear friend. They will have thought many times during the past week of all that their late Colonel did for them, and of how he did it. Considerate of everybody but himself, always at his post, instructing, advising, and encouraging, knowing exactly under all circumstances what to do, prompt to repair the errors of subordinates and almost incapable himself of error, with a noble look and bearing, a light heart and a cheerful voice, he banished the sense of fatigue from others and seemed unable to feel fatigue himself. Such was the commander whom the Inns of Court Rifles attended to his last resting-place in the Brompton Cemetery. The sight of the oak coffin recalled the memory of that stature which rose above every crowd, and of that length of limb which gave to one of the oars of the Oxford University boat a far-reaching and victorious sweep. The sword which rested upon the coffin, with the simple unplumed cap which was part of its late wearer's own conception of a dress suitable for a rifleman who meant business, recalled the last public occasion on which he wore that sword and cap. It was the Volunteer Review at Wimbledon, which will be a year ago next Saturday. He said that a cold caught upon that day was the beginning of his illness. Deeply will his corps feel the want of him at the next of these annual reviews, and often and sadly will they think that he is gone, and the place which knew him shall know him no more.

To say that Colonel Brewster died in the prime of life is almost equivalent to saying that he fell a victim to one of the varieties of that terrible malady, consumption. It may be, although we would not willingly think so, that his constitution suffered something by the gallant aquatic feats of his early years at Oxford. But he endured in Southern Africa enough of hardship and exposure to lay the seeds of the disease which in the forty-fifth year of his age attained its fatal ripeness. He has died a soldier's death as much as if he had fallen by steel or shot, and because he was worthy, therefore was he so soon taken; for, as one of the warrior-poets of Greece has said—

Πόλεμος οὐδὲν ἄνδρ' ἐκὼν  
αἰεὶ πονηρὸν, ἀλλὰ τοὺς χρηστοὺς δαί.

#### THE ULTRAMONTANE VOTE.

THE Celtic intellect has not usually been thought deficient either in acuteness or subtlety, and the Roman Church has the reputation of being a good school for the study of casuistical science. It is some credit, therefore, to a Protestant and Saxon House of Commons that it can draw distinctions too refined and minute to be appreciated, or even perceived, by the conscience of an Irish member. It may seem, indeed, that the difference between a special censure of the Government policy on a particular question, and an expression of want of confidence in the whole conduct of the Administration, is obvious enough. The former is substantially a judicial process. It is based on a definite charge, it claims to be established by appropriate proofs, and the vote on it should be of the nature of a verdict, to be decided, if not by the evidence actually brought forward, at least by the voter's opinion as to the truth of the accusation which has been made. The latter implies simply that those who concur in it

have a common feeling of dissatisfaction with the Government against which it is directed. The Ministry have to keep the lists against all challengers, and they may be overthrown with equal justice on fifty different grounds. They may have done what they ought not to have done, or left undone what they ought to have done; they may be actively wicked or passively incapable; their motives may be corrupt or their honesty blundering. Their estranged supporters may not even desire to see the Opposition in office; they may only wish to see the Cabinet in opposition. But, simple as the distinction may appear, there are Irishmen to whom it is unknown. It has never occurred to them that the terms of the motion on which they have to vote can have any possible relation to the vote they propose to give, or that their choice between affirmation and denial ought to be influenced in the smallest degree by the truth or falsehood of the particular proposition submitted to them. They see an opportunity of taking vengeance on the Government for real or fancied injuries, and, with that great object full in view, the nature of the assertions to which they pledge themselves is a matter of profound unimportance.

When an Irish Roman Catholic member deserts the party with which he usually acts, it is a very natural supposition that he does so on religious grounds. At the same time we are rather apt to exaggerate the ubiquity of an Irishman's theological convictions, and to forget that, after all, he is human like ourselves, and may therefore be sometimes swayed by merely temporal considerations. In the present instance, the positive evidence in support of the former view is a little scanty. The embassy of the two Monsignori may have been only a coincidence, and though an Irish Roman Catholic dignity did make his appearance in the lobby on more than one night during the debate, yet his influence, if it was exerted at all, was certainly not cast into the Opposition scale. Nor were the four recognised chiefs of the Ultramontane section acting with any approach to concert. Sir George Bowyer, indeed, probably intended his vote as a propa-geand demonstration, but Mr. Maguire absented himself from the division altogether, and Mr. Monsell voted with Ministers; while Mr. Hennessy, being an avowed Tory, was only following his natural leader when he cast in his lot with Mr. Dismeli. Of the other sixteen members whose conduct is in question, one perhaps may be ranked with Mr. Hennessy, and another with Sir George Bowyer. The O'Donoghue stands by himself. He is a de-throned Irish chieftain, waging an inextinguishable warfare with his hereditary foe, and aiming his arrows indifferently at every weak point in his adversary's armour. Sir John Acton generally supports the Government, and is understood to have forsaken it on this occasion only from the conviction that Lord Russell had run the risk of involving England in war by not assenting, in the first instance, to the justice of the German demands. The twelve who remain may fairly be divided into two classes. One of these, represented perhaps by Mr. Blake and Mr. Macmahon, could not, under any circumstances, have been absolutely counted on by the present Government. They belong rather to that section of discontented Liberals which in England is careful to give utterance to its dissatisfaction only when the expression of it will be followed by no inconvenient consequences, but which in Ireland is more combative, and likes to see its blows tell. The other and larger class, of which Mr. More O'Ferrall, Mr. O'Reilly, and Mr. Cogan may be taken as examples, are ordinarily supporters of the Liberal Government for the time being, and their alienation from it in the present instance requires to be specially accounted for.

The explanation is not, we believe, to be found in the Italian policy of the Government. The motives which drew these gentlemen together, under the astute and embittered guidance of Mr. More O'Ferrall, do not lie so far afield. Hatred, like charity, mostly begins at home. The real crime which they meant to visit on Lord Palmerston's head was the peculiar character of his recent administration of Ireland. For the last three years he has attempted—one would suppose, from personal feelings, first of preference and then of pique—to govern that country by means of mutually hostile agents. The Lord-Lieutenant is colourless and innocuous; the Attorney-General belongs to the most educated and philosophic section of the Irish Liberals; but by the side of these officials, with the will to oppose and the power to thwart them, stands the Chief Secretary. Sir Robert Peel's devotion to Ireland is of a peculiar and personal kind. He desires if not to spend, at least to be spent in her service, and having come into office by an inscrutable dispensation of fortune, he is naturally anxious to manufacture a future certainty out of his past good luck. The direction of these disinterested wishes is necessarily influenced by the extreme improbability of any Liberal Minister but Lord Palmerston passing over, in his favour, tried supporters of the mark of Mr. Chichester Fortescue or Mr. Gregory. Still, patriotism can rise superior to party prejudice, and in whatever Ministry Sir Robert Peel can hereafter serve his adopted country, there to all appearance will he be ultimately found. It is the common fate, however, of exalted and exceptional virtue to be very open to misconception; and the commonplace Liberals of Ireland, Protestants as well as Roman Catholics, have wholly failed to appreciate Sir Robert Peel's merits. They have an inconvenient habit of clinging to party traditions. They recall a time, for instance, when the reform of the Established Church in Ireland was among the most prominent articles of the Liberal creed, when it necessitated the reconstruction of one Cabinet and led to the overthrow of another; and they may be excused,

perhaps, if they show some signs of impatience when the Chief Secretary of a Liberal Government puts the Irish and English Establishments together as equally worthy of support, and denies that the former can be remodelled at any less cost than the common overthrow of all endowments whatever. On this side of the Channel we know Sir Robert Peel too well ever to doubt that he is impelled to these declarations by the same motive which leads him to attend the meetings of the Irish Church Missions, or to suppose that this motive can be any other than a simple desire for the spread of Scriptural truth. But in Ireland his character for unaffected practical piety is not so thoroughly understood.

If, therefore, the recent debate had been expressly on a motion of confidence, the conduct of the Irish Liberal Members would not have called for any hostile comment. They feel insulted by Sir Robert Peel's continuance in office, and though their consequent hostility to the Prime Minister may be impolitic, it is still perfectly legitimate. But we do blame them for dragging their quarrel into the discussion of the affairs of Denmark and the foreign policy of England. It is bringing an Irish grievance into somewhat undue prominence to make it an excuse for risking a change of Ministry in the middle of an European crisis. But this account of the Irish Liberal vote would be incomplete if we omitted to mention another motive of a more personal and practical character than any of these we have suggested. Even an Irish Ultramontane cannot always satisfy his constituents. The air of the House of Commons is distinguished by a nipping frosty common sense, which silences some men and makes others speak like reasonable beings; and an Irish constituency is about equally disgusted by both these results. The electors of Longford, for example, may justly feel themselves disappointed in the Parliamentary career of Mr. O'Reilly. They did not choose a major in the Pontifical brigade for their representative merely to have him make sensible speeches, and display a considerable fund of useful and special knowledge. Why should an Irish member want to speak on the Army Estimates, unless indeed it were to propose the substitution of the Irish militia for the Household Brigade? To any members who have disgraced themselves in this manner a Ministerial defeat in the recent contest would have done incalculable good. They would have been helping to put Lord Palmerston in a minority, and though taken by itself that might not have served them much, yet, if Lord Palmerston had appealed to the country on the score of having been defeated by an Ultramontane compact, the delinquents might have gone to the hustings with a bold front and a light purse. A No-Popery cry in England would have secured their triumphant return in Ireland. If there had been a dissolution this summer, Lord Palmerston might have raised the cry for them; as it is, they will be reduced to the far less effective expedient of trying to raise it for themselves.

#### STRAY VOTES.

A GREAT deal of good virtue has been thrown away, in recent years, in the attempt to suppress bribery. Lord Brougham and Sir Fitzroy Kelly bring in a measure upon the subject every year, and as they never advance any further than that preliminary stage, it is to be presumed that they only mean by that ceremony to record the fact that they are themselves unspotted in the midst of a froward generation. The topic, indeed, has been worn quite threadbare as a subject for decorous moralizing. Journalists and reviewers have preached at it with all the freedom of virgin purity. Members of Parliament—especially those who have had little accidents before Election Committees—have shaken their heads over it, more in sorrow than in anger, for many successive years; and Mr. Bright delivered many telling speeches upon the subject up to that unfortunate moment when one of his relatives was in trouble about certain transactions in pigs at the price of fifty pounds a head. The subject has been almost thrashed to pieces by this time, and has descended to the intellectual Rag Fair which is patriotically kept open for worn-out topics of discussion by the Social Science Association. But few people have troubled themselves, in the course of the long and angry discussion, to ask what bribery is. The ordinary notion is that it is giving money for a vote. But why money alone? Money is the usual consideration, because it is that of which the kind of persons who are usually supposed to be peculiarly accessible to bribery stand most in need. And that gives the opportunity for a very consoling distinction between the higher classes and the lower. The lower classes are supposed to be peculiarly susceptible of bribery, and the gentlemen of the Social Science Association are giving themselves a great deal of trouble to lecture our old friend the working man into a state of mind superior to bribery. As the social ideal of the nineteenth century is an upper class and a lower class perpetually confronting each other in the attitude of preacher and preacher, the working man may just as well be preached at about bribery as about anything else. But if, among other political victories, the working man should break in upon the monopoly of lecturing now claimed by his superiors, he might perhaps turn the tables by going a little deeper into the definition. Money is a very good instrument of bribery, so long as it is what the person to be bribed wants. But the upper classes don't want money; or, if they do, they would only take it in such enormous sums as to put it out of the power of any one to bribe any considerable

number of them. But they may want other things, which money by itself will not buy. Directly man has satisfied his most elementary material wants, the first aspiration of his amiable heart is for the privilege of being able to look down upon his neighbours. If he is intellectual, he likes to be praised, so that he may think himself more clever than his neighbours. If he is simply frivolous, he likes to be "in the fashion," "in the best set," so that he may have the comfort of looking down upon those who are outside the fashion, and only in the second-best set. Well-dressed people desire these things quite as much as a mechanic desires a five-pound note. And they not only desire them, but they will do a good turn to any one that will help them to their wishes. They will give him a lift, for instance, in politics, attach themselves it may be to his party, or at least give him a vote on a critical occasion. The question is whether the working man, turned lecturer, might not give his superiors a very effective sermon upon this text against the degrading vice of bribery.

It is curious how close the analogy is between a Minister dealing with the House of Commons and a candidate dealing with a constituency. A great deal is often said about the purity of the House of Commons, and it is undoubtedly true that no member, with one or two exceptions, is ever even suspected of being accessible to pecuniary bribes. But it must be remembered, at the same time, that there is nothing now to bribe them with. They would necessarily require large sums in proportion to their station in life, and a Minister has now no fund from which such expenditure could come. But in other respects his position, just before a great division, is exactly like that of the candidate at an election. The candidate buys his way in two or three different modes. He directs himself towards the various weak points at which a voter's conscience may be carried by assault. There are bribes for the pocket, treating at the public-house for the palate, and there are soft attentions for the voter's heart. If baby-kissing is seldom actually carried out on so magnificent a scale as in Mr. Dickens' graphic description, the kind of courtesy which has to be shown to wives and children sometimes does not fall very far short of it. The Minister's duty is scarcely less laborious, and has this additional disadvantage—that it has to be carried on every year, instead of once in seven years. The game he has in view is that peculiar variety of Parliamentary species known as "an outsider," or "a loose fish," but described by itself under the more flattering title of "an independent member." The independent member is one of a small but a very remarkable class, having very well-marked characteristics. His great peculiarity is his conscience—a vivacious and serviceable organ, which always troubles him with increasing intensity up to the moment of a critical division, and at last invariably decides him to vote with the party from which he is likely to get the most. The scrupulousness with which he keeps his mind open to conviction up to the last has caused the independent member to be defined by a cynical whip as "a member that cannot be depended upon." He has a great contempt for party, generally denouncing as dishonest every one who does not express himself with equal vigour on this point; but when he is in difficulties himself, he always expects that a party organization shall get him out of them. This is the kind of animal the Minister has to set himself to entrap. It would, of course, be a waste of labour to look after his certain supporters; and it is of no use throwing away his efforts upon professed opponents, whom there is no chance of enticing over. But the "loose fish" are to be caught by an angler who is expert in his business, and knows how to bait his hook properly. Pasteboard is the bait chiefly used in this exciting sport. If the fish be a small one, and of the gudgeon species, the "at home" kind of pasteboard will do. It costs nothing, and is very often singularly attractive, especially to the fish that are not used to it; and a very coarse hook may often be baited successfully in this way. As soon as he is landed—that is to say, as soon as he gets upon the landing—it is wise to secure him with a little soft sawder, the coarser and the less disguised the better. After this treatment he will often seem to jump and flounder; but that is only to show his independence. The angler need not be alarmed—the gudgeon will find his way into Mr. Brand's basket in good time. If the fish be of a larger kind, and belong to the pike genus, known by its voracity, it will be necessary to adopt another mode of baiting. The pasteboard known as the "dinner pasteboard" must be employed. Unfortunately, this is very expensive, and it will not answer to cheapen it. Above all, it is necessary to drench it well with wine of the most expensive kind, or the bait will not take. This is a very unsatisfactory kind of fish to catch. He requires a constant renewal of the same costly bait; and, if anything in it does not suit his very capricious taste, he is apt to make off, cleverly carrying away the bait and leaving the hook behind. When it is necessary to catch any considerable number of these troublesome fish, it is better for the angler to leave the male altogether alone and betake himself entirely to the female. For her the bait of soft sawder, that has been already described, should be employed, only it should be made exceedingly coarse. Butter and pasteboard should be added plentifully to the bait; and there may be cases in which a little palm oil, unostentatiously and skilfully applied, contributes powerfully to a successful result.

Nothing shows in so strong a light the retrograde character of the Tory mind as the way in which Conservatives set about gaining the votes of these independent members. They seem still to believe

in such matters as principles, and watchwords, and party cries, and other effete and antiquated notions. They do not understand the full glory of nineteenth-century civilization. The independent member follows his religion, which is to seek for that which is his heaven; and his heaven is an upper room, filled below with distended maulin abundant as the sea-foam, and above with an atmosphere which, like everything else in this enlightened age, is thoroughly humanized. The ascent to this heaven is a Jacob's ladder, up which angels, with petticoats and without wings, may ever be seen painfully toiling. Supreme happiness, to him, is to edge his way up those stairs as often as possible, to feel his limbs incessantly involved in that all-pervading tarlatan, to breathe twice or three times a week the heavenly breezes of that divine atmosphere. Such is the *culte* in which the independent member lives, in which he would gladly die. If the Tories wish to make any progress with these persevering devotees, they must furnish similar temples, fragrant with the same incense, impassable with similar thickets of the same textile glories. There are prophets who conjecture that the race of independent members is not destined for a much longer terrestrial career. The numbers of the species are visibly decreasing, and before long it is likely that it will be fossil. But, so long as they exist, it is probable that that peculiar conscience which feeds entirely upon pasteboard will continue to distinguish them, and those who desire to profit by their "imperative sense of duty" must be prepared to furnish the motive power which brings it into play.

#### MIDDLE-CLASS SCHOOLS.

MIDDLE-class education is the *opprobrium disciplinae* in England. Until lately, the thing can scarcely be said to have existed. The two extremes of society are amply supplied with teaching power. The upper classes have taken care of themselves, and the lower classes have been well cared for; but between these two fruitful regions lies a vast tract of howling wilderness of ignorance and imposture. Boarding-schools and day-schools for the sons of those great and most important sections of society which stretch from the professional ranks down to those of the superior artisan—embracing the smaller tradesmen, shopmen, lesser clerks, and farmers—stand in ugly contrast, alike as regards buildings, teachers, and instruction, to the stately halls of Eton, and to those claustral roofs and many-windowed gables which are to be found in such abundance in the back streets of all our towns, and which in so picturesque a way complete the village green. For these large and neglected classes it is that the Yorkshire "Halls" and the Commercial Academies open their doors; and the schoolmaster is very often one who, having exhausted all opportunities of failure, having run down the descending scale of fortune and perhaps of fame, and having tried life under all its many-formed varieties of misadventure, promotes himself from a bankrupt's stool to the dignity of a German doctorate and an academy where the principal pledges himself to give especial care to the moral and religious welfare of the pupils committed to his charge. That middle-class education is what it is, only arises from the usual economical law. The parents do not feel the want of education, because they not only do not possess it, but see no use in it. They are not altogether wrong. A gentleman or clergyman sees that, if his son is not educated up to the highest point, he stands no chance in the struggle of professional competition. An artisan soon finds out that the clever pupil-teacher may make a good income out of his brains, and that his neighbour's sharp quick-witted lad who did so well in the National School gets higher wages than any other hand in the factory. But it is hardly so with the greengrocer, or even with the haberdasher. He knows nothing himself, and yet he has got on. "Book-larned" boys are good for nothing but to be conceited and uppish. What's the use of history and geography behind the counter? The boy may go to school till he is fourteen, because we shall be quit of his noise, and it don't much matter where he goes. Such being the estimate of education in the middle classes, its supply is of the staple required. Now it is surely of the highest social importance that all this should be remedied, and that at least decent education should be within reach of the middle classes. As things are, the home of prejudice and bigotry, and the last haunts of dulness and ignorance, are to be found in those classes. If they want additional political power, the best claim that they can urge is to show that they value education; and it is absurd to pretend that men are fit to govern who are, as at present, content with Minerva House and the Prospect Place Athenæum for their sons. No doubt an effort is now making to elevate the unacademical schoolmaster. The College of Preceptors has long, and with some success, laboured to improve independent schoolmasters, but at present little has been done.

It is now nearly twenty years ago that a single and unfriended clergyman, Mr. Woodard, conceived the notion that middle-class education might be reformed—as a good many other clergymen, and laymen too, had thought that it ought to be reformed. His notion was somewhat complex, and at first it looked schemey and Utopian. To make middle-class education good, he was not disposed to treat it as a solitary factor. He could depend on the existing higher schools and on the existing lower schools. They were actually doing their work in a satisfactory way. What if he were to hitch the unhappy stumbling middle-

class schools into the healthy companionship of the large public grammar-school on the one side, and the large national school on the other? So he began to establish a chain of schools. He surveyed the whole cycle of education. There was to be a grammar-school, high-priced and complete in equipment, for the professional classes. This was to be a profitable institution. There was to be an upper middle-school, which at any rate should be self-supporting. There was to be a lower middle-school, which it was hardly possible should be self-supporting, but which might be subsidized from the abundance of the higher or grammar school. To carry out this very remarkable and ingenious plan, it is obvious that the trilogy of schools should all belong to one institution, or, rather, should be one living institution developing itself under three special and separate forms. Now, though all this sounds as ideal as Bacon's House of Solomon, the thing has actually been done, and it forms one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of English education. Mr. Woodard is, and is not, a remarkable man. He is neither a very learned nor a very eloquent person. He is absolutely deficient in all popular arts. He is uncompromising, stiff, resolute—some people might say obstinate. This is the sort of man who conceives and carries out great things. He is a man of one idea, but he pursues that one idea, not only with unflinching energy, but—what would not, at first sight, be looked for in such a man—with considerable *savoir faire*. In a word, somehow or other, Mr. Woodard has in him the secret of success. He persuades men, he attracts, he talks, he wins over, he brings people round—not by graces of manner, but by sincerity and a good cause, by rough common sense, and a determination to succeed. And he has succeeded. At his first start he planted himself in Sussex—partly for personal reasons, partly because the land was cheap, partly because the proximity of Brighton and London was useful for his plan. He began in a very humble way—but he began. Like attracts like. Earnestness and zeal call upon earnestness and zeal, and are sure to get their appeal answered. As we have said, Mr. Woodard was penetrated with the collegiate idea. It entered into him and possessed him. He was to have a college with its triple development. The schools—upper, upper-middle, and lower-middle—were to be only the one mother College developing herself, and feeding her children at three different and prolific sources of nourishment. So he called on the old and established colleges and universities to help him. He was poor, and struggling and scrambling hard to be a founder; they were rich and old, and were fattening on the bounty of founders. We are a hard and material generation; but there is no generation to which enthusiasm and zeal preach in vain. This was Mr. Woodard's sermon. He was Walter the Penniless and Peter the Hermit all in one, and people not only listened but obeyed. Oxford and Cambridge heard, and sent fellows and scholars to work, and to work without pay, under Mr. Woodard, in his wild scheme in Sussex.

Mr. Woodard has established the College of St. Nicholas and its three-fold schools. He is himself the Provost, and the Society consists of a body of fellows and chaplains, most of whom are also members, and several of them fellows, of some college in the Universities, and who give the proceeds of their endowments to the support of the several schools belonging to them. That is to say, the Society of St. Nicholas College consists of twelve or fourteen persons, most of them clergymen and academics, who give themselves to the work of education. There is at Eton a college of fellows under whose care the school is placed; but fellows of Eton only enjoy revenues, while the fellows of St. Nicholas College actually conduct the schools. A fellow of Eton takes money, and does no work of education in school; a fellow of St. Nicholas gives money and does all the teaching. This teaching is spread over three institutions. The first is a complete grammar school at Lancing. Here are the head-quarters of the Society. Here they have an estate of 230 acres, with a grammar-school for the sons of gentlemen, which is an entire success. Of course it is a profitable institution, and holds its own with all other grammar-schools. Then the St. Nicholas men have a college at Hurstpierpoint for training middle schoolmasters. And also at Hurstpierpoint they have a public boarding school—their upper middle-school—for the boys of the superior tradesmen, farmers, and clerks, at a payment varying from 20*l.* to 30*l.* a year. This school contains more than 250 boys, and is taught by seven graduates and six other trained masters. Then there is the lower middle-class school for a lower stage of life, for the sons of small shopkeepers and artisans, at which the board and education of the simplest kind is given for fourteen guineas a year. Hitherto this last institution has been carried on under difficulties, in hired houses, at Shoreham, but it contains more boys than it can in comfort accommodate. Mr. Woodard and his friends—we mean the Provost and Fellows of St. Nicholas College—are, however, the men to be stimulated by difficulties. They have bought a noble site near Balcombe, in Sussex, in that beautiful weald country over which the Brighton Railway passes before it touches the Downs. And here they are now actually at work, raising a school for no fewer than one thousand boys—poor boys, artisans' boys, shopkeepers' boys—who are to be boarded and lodged for fifteen pounds a year at what is really a public school, taught by college men, with all the associations and *esprit de corps* of the old public schools of England. This school for a thousand boys is to be called St. Saviour's School, and the first stone of it was laid on Tuesday by the President of the Council, and under the

auspices of the veteran leader of popular education, Lord Brougham himself, supported by the Bishop of the diocese.

All this marks an epoch in education. The scheme itself is well conceived; its foundations are laid deep in a knowledge of human nature; it embodies great old ideas which have stood the test of experience. There is no reason why every county (or, if Mr. Woodard prefers it, every diocese) should not have its St. Nicholas College—its Lancing, its Hurstpierpoint, and its Balcombe. But, very wisely, the present men of St. Nicholas prefer to consolidate their own work. When they have completed their model series of schools, they will have plenty of followers. The land is broad enough, and the need is deep and wide enough, for many a score of Hurstpierpoints and Balcombes. The only thing that is wanted is money for sites and buildings. The college and schools must be and will be self-supporting. They ask no Government aid, they solicit no annual subscriptions. If education is ever to be valued, it must cease to be eleemosynary. Every class of society must be made to feel the duty of paying for its own education. Mr. Woodard rightly thinks that, provided the school's expenses are fitted to the parents' income, a costermonger has no more claim on public charity for his son's schooling than a duke. But these schools want starting. Balliol and Trinity did not drop heaven-descended and complete upon the earth. They were founded; and, once founded, they managed themselves and do their work. All that Mr. Woodard and his brethren of St. Nicholas want is money for buildings; and Mr. Woodard builds sumptuously, strongly, largely. He dreams not of a perishable foundation. He spreads his cloisters, and lifts his towers, and poises his gables in the spirit, and self-sacrifice, and self-confidence, and thorough persuasion of success which animated the builders and founders of old time. We know no better way of doing good, in quarters where improvement is above all things required, than in helping these middle-class schools of St. Saviour's, not with annual subscriptions—for if they cannot keep themselves they had better perish—but with their bricks and mortar. The men who have done what St. Nicholas College has done, and done it in less than sixteen years, are benefactors to society of no daily occurrence, and deserve something more than such poor but sincere encouragement as we can give them in our columns.

#### THE ETON AND HARROW CRICKET-MATCH.

THERE is a limit to the quantity of excitement which the human mind can bear, and therefore, perhaps, it was as well that the same week did not comprise political conflicts the most fierce, sustained, and dubious which the year has seen, and a struggle equally vehement, protracted, and uncertain upon Lord's Cricket-ground. After the debates and divisions in both Houses of Parliament on Friday night, the exhausted nature even of on-lookers needed a little repose, and it was therefore almost a relief to find, on Saturday morning, that the cricket-match between Eton and Harrow had been throughout a hollow affair, and was almost on its last legs. Intended spectators of the match learned with scarcely a sense of disappointment that little or nothing remained for them to see. "There is no joy but calm" was the only sentiment suitable to the occasion. Such a spectacle as that of last year is very fine, but hardly to be appreciated by those who would rather sleep than see the players of their old school making the longest score by the finest play ever known. After a tame and uneventful week it would be delightful to behold either side playing such a second innings as Eton did last year—holding the wickets as long as daylight lasted, and leaving Harrow no hope of winning, or even trying to win, unless they had upon their side some Joshua who should bid the sun stand still until the battle had been fought unto the end. The complaint in former years has been that two days did not suffice to play this match; but this year the time allowed was much too great, for all was over by half-past twelve on the second day, and the only resource was to make up a match between an eleven selected from the Eton and Harrow champions and eleven gentlemen of the Marylebone Club. The play in this second match might fairly be expected to be better than the play in the first, but it inspired far less interest, as was made evident by the bareness of benches in the new stand, and the comparative lightness of the packing of the circle of carriages, equestrians, standers, and sitters round the field. Those who remained saw a very good game of cricket, and may possibly have thought the room of their departed friends better than their company. The process of picnicking on the grass, or what was left of it, was doubtless more conveniently managed than if there had been danger of accidental interlopers putting their feet into the plates and dishes. Everybody was at Lord's on Friday, and the well-regulated mind will patiently endure to stand and have toes trodden on for the sake of being where everybody is; but everybody was not at Lord's on Saturday, and just as princes have been known to prefer small beer to dignity, so smaller people may, in a moment of weakness, have confessed to themselves that they almost found in elbow-room a compensation for everybody's absence. It must be allowed, for the credit of the managers and of the police who assisted them, that if Lord's ground is to be made to hold a very great many more people than it is reasonably adequate to hold, the arrangements for that purpose could not easily have been improved upon. There were posts and ropes all round the field: the company, except sitters, kept outside these ropes; and all hits over or under the ropes counted for a fixed number of runs, without the trouble of getting them. Of course this is not quite the perfection of cricket as one sees it in the

provinces, but it may be quite as good cricket as one has any right to expect to see in London. The wonder is that even the moderate accommodation for the game which Lord's ground affords has not long since been rendered unavailable. It is said that building speculators now have their eyes upon this ground in earnest, and, unless a large sum is collected to purchase the fee-simple of it for cricketing purposes, matches at Lord's will soon become a tradition of bygone time. Perhaps the removal of these great matches to a more spacious ground would not be an unmixed evil. It is pleasant to see a ball fly unimpeded as far as the batsman's strength can urge it, and also to see a ball thrown up well after being hit very hard a-field; and it is not wholly disagreeable to see a fellow-creature engaged in hot and panting chase after a ball which seems as if it meant never to stop rolling and allow itself to be thrown up. However, it is probable that a great deal of cricket is played at Lord's which would not be played upon any more distant ground, and such a festival as was held on Friday and Saturday last might easily lose, and could scarcely gain, anything by change of scene. Some apology was offered for doubling the price usually charged for admission to the ground; but people must be very strangely constituted who would grumble about paying sixpence extra for arrangements which enabled them to see the match in comfort, supposing that they cared about seeing it at all. There was nothing to complain of, except that weakness of the Eton Eleven which made the match a poor one; but it will happen sometimes to schools to be defective in cricketing power, just as nations have occasionally to lament the dearth of statesmen able to devise and carry out a policy. After all that has been said and written about the excessive devotion of the public schools, and particularly of Eton, to the amusement or business of cricket, it would have been satisfactory to see the Etonians showing something like their last year's splendid form at Lord's. Ill-natured critics will be apt to remark that at Eton they only do one thing, and that that one thing they don't do well. However, Etonians can well afford to wait until their turn of luck comes round, and in the meantime they may console themselves under defeat by observing that, out of forty cricket-matches played between the two schools they have won twenty, while seventeen have been won by Harrow and three have been drawn. The Harrovians celebrated their triumph in rather preposterous fashion, by raising the chief performers aloft on the arms of admirers, and carrying them round the field. If this custom be not of foreign origin, it is at any rate much more frequently practised abroad than in England, and we should say that it is a custom to which the familiar censure of Shakespeare is pre-eminently applicable. To another genuine English custom we can see no objection whatever, nor can we understand why the *Times* should have solemnly warned the two schools against applauding their own side and chaffing their opponents. What danger was to be dreaded from the exercise of this usual license would be difficult to discover, unless, indeed, the question were to be investigated by the help of the same fertile imagination which saw reason to apprehend that Garibaldi might dethrone Queen Victoria. If the *Times* is right in principle, it ought to have addressed to members of Parliament a lecture upon the impropriety of cheering when their side gets a majority, in a full House, upon a question which involves the existence of a Government. But we do not think the *Times* is right, and whatever changes may be wrought by Royal Commissions and otherwise in the training of boys at the public schools, we earnestly hope that nothing may be done towards making those boys properly behaved.

The company who remained to witness the match with the Marylebone Club had the advantage of seeing what is probably the neatest thing in cricketing costume hitherto invented—namely, a red and yellow jersey worn by a member of the club. The notions which prevail of a suitable dress for cricket are very curious. Some old stagers appear to think that there is nothing like wearing a stiff stick-up collar which shall saw the ears, and a tight neck-tie, if you want to enjoy the free action of your limbs, and to feel thoroughly equal to your work. These are the sort of rigid disciplinarians who will, if they can, compel young fielders always to stand with their hands joined in front of them; "for," they will say, "how can you catch a ball if you stand with your hands behind you?" This, however, is a question to which a very complete practical answer may be given, for it does not matter what a man does with his arms and legs so long as he knows where to find them when wanted. Players who stand in the most ungainly and hopeless-looking attitudes often surprise observers by being "all there" at the critical moment. The fielding of these school Elevens is usually the best part of the game; for the bowling is apt to be weak, and weak bowling may be effectually encountered by batting which excites only moderate admiration in beholders. The Eton fielding this year was complained of, and certainly it partook in full proportion of the general shortcomings of the play. That some of the Eton play was of good quality may, however, be inferred from examining the score made by the Eleven of the two schools against the Club. Their opponents cannot but have been formidable, for among them was Mr. E. W. Tritton, who played last year for Eton, and scored in his two innings 149 runs; and also Mr. W. E. Grimston, who made last year a good score for Harrow. The schools' Eleven was composed of six representatives of victorious Harrow and five of defeated Eton. The longest scores on the side of the schools in this, which was a single-innings match, were made by the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton and Mr. A. F. Walter, both of Eton, and the bowling and fielding of Eton lowered four of the hostile

wickets, and contributed to the demolition of two more. The five Etonians got 89 runs out of the whole number scored, 152; and one of them, Mr. Barrington, carried out his bat; and we have seen that, as bowlers and fielders, they did a fair half of the work. It would appear to be a just inference that five of the Eton Eleven were quite as good as any of the Harrow men, and yet the Etonians suffered a defeat too decisive to be ascribed to mere ill-luck. The long score made by Harrow can scarcely be attributed to bad Etonian bowling, for in the match with the Club the larger part of the bowling was by Etonians, and it may be ascertained by those who are curious in figures that the proportion of runs got off the bowling to the number of balls in this match was almost exactly the same for the Eton and the Harrow bowlers. Looking at this match with the Club, and laying the match between the schools out of sight, the inference would be that Eton can show a few cricketers quite as good as any at Harrow; but, unfortunately, Eton has not at present enough of this quality to make up a strong Eleven. However, there seems no reason to fear that the traditions of good cricket are dying out at Eton, and it may be hoped that we shall hereafter see other matches between the schools as well sustained as that for which last year two long summer days did not suffice. In proof of the general excellence of the schools' play, it may be noticed that in the match with the Club only four runs were scored against the schools for byes and wide-balls. This is a sort of play which even our strict disciplinarian in the high shirt-collars could not help approving; and if the wicket-keeper—who, we believe, was an Etonian—only allowed two byes to be scored against his side, it is incontestable that his hands must have been practically in the right place.

#### MR. HERBERT'S AND OTHER FRESCOS.

THE "praise of friends," which some Oriental proverb, with veracity rather than kindness, ranks as more pernicious than the censure of enemies, has been lavished so indiscriminately on Mr. Herbert's new fresco that it cannot have been without an unfortunate influence on many who see the work. It is, no doubt, a considerable performance, and is, we may at once say, before analysing it, better than anything hitherto produced by the artist; but it is hardly possible that believers in the *Times* upon art should not feel a certain disappointment when they find themselves before a picture which "meets the charge of plagiarism from the French" (brought by whom?) "by its lofty and reverent spirit, and by the predominance of its men and women over the clothes they wear," being, in fact—"not only unequalled by anything of the same kind ever executed in this country, but rivalling the greatest works of the same order in any part of the world." This wide-sounding phrase designates, we presume, the Italian, with those half-dozen French or German, cities in which frescoes by Raffaele and Michael Angelo, Giotto and Ghirlandajo, Ingres, Delaroche, and one or two others exist. We are sure that any artist in his senses would prefer visitors fresh from the most censorious critic of the day to those who, on the faith of such easy laudation, expect to find a fresco equal to the "Stanza" of the Vatican or the ceiling of the Sistine, superior in loftiness and character-drawing to the "Hemicycle" of the École des Arts, the "Apotheosis of Homer." *Pessimum inimicorum genus, laudantes.*

It may be presumed that the testimonies of members, freely given in the House of Commons during a recent debate, as well as that of the writer just-quoted, who even "feels justified in pronouncing this the highest achievement in the noblest walk of art that any English painter has yet given to the world," were partly drawn forth by the amiable wish to convince the keepers of the national purse that the labourer was worthy of a more liberal hire than that originally assigned to him. In this wish we most heartily concur; as we think that industry and conscientious care should have the reward which in modern art goes too often, as we noticed lately in the case of the ill-concealed jobbery of Marochetti's proposed Clyde Memorial, to showy slovenliness. But, whilst well satisfied that attention should have been drawn to the insufficient sums allotted, before the conditions of the experiment were or could be fully known, to Mr. Herbert's task, let us also speak a word on behalf of the great artist who has said not one syllable for himself, but has equally toiled for years at those noble frescoes of Waterloo and Trafalgar, which do not need the illiberal depreciation of any other pictures as a reason why Mr. Maclise also should benefit by the better-proportioned scale of remuneration. It is right that art should be paid by a nation at a little above its exact market value. So much we gladly yield to justice; yet we may be excused if we reserve not less interest for a painter who, whilst sacrificing no less in point of income than Mr. Herbert, gives his best work—as Delaroche gave his famous fresco of the "Hemicycle"—in the spirit of simple devotion to his art, let material reward come or not as it will. But this is no sort of excuse for national stinginess:—

Μῶσας μὴ θεαί ἔνρι, θεῶς θεαί ἀίδουσι·  
ἀνὴρ δὲ βροτοὶ οἶδ', βροτῶς βροτοὶ ἀίδουσι.

We may now turn from the temporary and confusing considerations which have been imported into the subject, and try to form a more impartial estimate of the truly meritorious production which Mr. Herbert has given us as the fruit of several years' almost continuous labour. As is probably well-known, he has selected for his subject not that more humanly dramatic and exciting scene when Moses first came down from Sinai, and heard

the shouting of the camp as the people worshipped their golden idol, and cast the tables of the law from his hand, "and brake them beneath the Mount," but his second return, after the laughter and the repentance of the nation, the proclamation of God in the Mount, and the recommunication of the moral law. Yet this subject, if less arduous in its demands upon the artist for the representation of earthly passion, is one hardly inferior in difficulty to the other, which was chosen by Raffaele for one of his smaller Vatican frescoes. The general disposition of the scene, as Mr. Herbert has correctly assumed, must have been the same. The people have been waiting, though without their former relapse into idolatry, during the forty days' sojourn of their leader; the guards, as we see them here, would naturally have been maintained about the skirts of Sinai; and the return of Moses, if not a similar cause of wonder and alarm to his unfaithful followers, must have been accompanied with the heart-shaking awe and speechless reverence which would surround one who was believed to have just come down from the immediate presence of Divinity. It is, indeed, upon this second return that we first read of that light about the Prophet's face which struck the people as the attestation of his supernatural message. "They were afraid to come nigh him. And Moses called unto them; and Aaron and all the rulers of the congregation returned unto him; and Moses talked with them. And afterward all the children of Israel came nigh. And till Moses had done speaking with them, he put a vail on his face." This is the moment, apparently, selected by Mr. Herbert, who has, however, so far deviated from the history that he has brought a number of the people, and even a crowd of camp-followers, forward, together with Aaron and the "rulers of the congregation," whilst, at the same time, he has dispensed with the vail which (it would rather seem) was worn during the whole period of the colloquy. Moses stands at the foot of the mountain, holding the tablets, which in structure and colour are properly made identical with the surrounding rocks. Aaron has stepped forth nearest; in a line behind stand Joshua, his father Nun, Nadab, and Abihu, with the Princes of the people. Four or five figures, including Miriam, kneel or lie in front. On the other side are grouped Caleb and a Midianite shepherd, with Bezaleel to the extreme right. Two figures, by a happy thought, are introduced pointing upwards to the Mount; some girls and children, and a mixed multitude, are also scattered round to complete the composition. A distant view of the Israelite camp, with banners and the coffin-shrine of Joseph, leads the eye to the further valleys, glowing at the approach of sunset.

There are in this all the elements of a picture second to few in the variety and intensity of its emotions, and Mr. Herbert has not overlooked whatever incidents or characters are suggested by the sacred story. Thus, beside what the Athenians would have called the Protagonist of the drama—Moses illuminated before all the people by the effluence of the Divine presence—we have faith, mingled with a sense of shame, in Aaron and the chiefs of the nation; faith pure and unbroken in Joshua; scepticism or hesitation in Abihu and Nadab; ignorance blended with belief in the Midianite and other strangers, who may be naturally supposed less prepared than the children of Israel to understand or to accept the mission of Moses. What a varied drama is here, yet what a noble concentration of feeling and unity of idea! what a stupendous contrast between the Prophet, returned to common life from a second forty days' sojourn on high, and the crowd to whom he is now to reveal a law which has survived every other system, and is accepted as the rule of life over a whole world! It must have been a strange and a solemn moment when Solon placed his brazen tablets within the treasury of Athens; when the ten tables were set up at Rome; when Charles the Great promulgated his code before the German Assemblies; when the Barons attested the Charter in the river-side meadow below Windsor. Yet even the most sceptical of critics will admit that, putting aside the supernatural elements of the occasion, here was a giving of a law more overpowering in its influence on the fate of man than all those we have mentioned taken together. Add to this the singular picturesqueness, in its mere external adjuncts, of the whole—remembering also that not only is the presumed actual scene unaltered, but that, in the hitherto changeless East, the actual dress and appearance of the actors have in great measure survived—and we shall then have a bare and imperfect idea of the facts of this great occasion.

It is hardly rash to assume that Christendom has not yet produced the painter who could do full justice, even within the limited sphere of art, to a moment at once so rich in interest and so difficult. Men like Michael Angelo or Tintoret might have declined the commission with prudence, arguing, as artists of their calibre probably would argue, that anything short of high success in the case of such a theme would be failure. We will now give our reasons for thinking that, when the little halo of immediate popularity has faded, it may be regretted that Mr. Herbert did not more accurately measure his powers with the demands of his undertaking; but the above brief indication of the inevitable and inherent arduousness of the task may meanwhile indicate also the large forbearance due to the attempt, if, looking at these requirements, we are unable to hold the result, in essential respects, successful.

There is, indeed, much which does credit to the painter. There is drawing more careful than the English school generally reaches; a well-balanced distribution of masses, with a skilful conduct of the lines; and an elaborate study of Oriental dress and of characteristic figures. The landscape is also a

conscientious reproduction from the photograph, but managed with considerable skill so as to increase the general effect. There are some truly graceful groups of girls and children, and altogether an absence of mere Academical display on the one hand, and of vulgar effectism on the other, which shows that Mr. Herbert has rightly comprehended the conditions of "historical" art. In these respects his picture stands in favourable contrast to the sentimentalism from which Mr. Cope's frescoes are not free, and to the superficial flashiness which predominates in those by Mr. Ward. It has been only after many years of effort, and in conjunction with a system of artistic training much more complete than England has hitherto furnished, that the modern French school has reached that excellence which Ingres, Delaroche, Flan-drin, and others (despite the sentence which we have quoted above from the *Times*) have displayed, and as a sound step in that direction we hail this latest of our frescoes. We trust that a really liberal grant on the part of the nation will enable Mr. Herbert to pursue his task; and, looking both to the decided advance above his own former pictures which the "Moses" shows, and to the less difficult quality of the remaining subjects, we confidently expect that the room will, as a whole, do credit to England. This must not, however, relieve us from the necessity of adding, in the interests of art and of truth, that those good intentions on the artist's part to which we have tried to do justice have been, we think, but imperfectly carried out. The central idea of the story of Exodus appears to us totally wanting. That idea, every one will admit, is the Supernatural revealing itself to man. No closer or more imposing contact between the Creator and his creatures is spoken of in Scripture. But the impression of the supernatural—except so far as it may be conveyed by the conventional rays which glitter round the head of Moses—is nowhere in this picture. Moses here is simply a fine Arab chieftain, wrapt seemingly in thought, but thought which bears the stamp of a character in no way different from the experiences of ordinary life. Those to whom he conveys the law direct from God are equally impassive. Aaron's air is not beyond that of a submissive companion. Joshua is moved by no more ecstatic faith or reverence than those who had lately apostatized to idolatry. It is only when we learn their names that we recognise the future infidelity of Nadab and Abihu. Miriam, who covers her eyes, and one or two more figures, are the sole persons who seem cognizant of what is passing. A circle of figures, skilfully arranged above the door, we are told, is symbolical of human life; it consists of a careless child, a mother, a shepherd, a Nazarite, and a Levite. The idea is well imagined. It reminds us of Titian's "Three Ages;" but we fail altogether to see how, as in that beautiful picture, the thought is realized by this juxtaposition. In the crowd, a vague curiosity seems the prevalent feeling. The women nurse, or give water to, the children with graceful indifference. To borrow a phrase of Beckford's, these are "well-bred people, and quite accustomed to miracles"; or rather, as we cannot help feeling, there is nothing of the miraculous in the design. In a word, singular as it may seem, this "Moses returning from the Mount" might almost have been the work of some disciple of Voltaire or of Renan, anxious to bring before us Arab life and the Sinaitic landscape, and at the same time to express, not only the comparative unimportance of the event historically, but its freedom from supernatural intervention.

We should be very sorry to be understood to imply that Mr. Herbert's work is deficient in reverence. Yet we cannot think that his hand has justly seconded his heart. It is as if he had, in Plato's phrase, "approached the Gate of the Muses without inspiration." Hence the coldness which we feel, whilst recognising the lofty aim of the work, and its many technical excellences. Looking at it as a whole, it has a certain well-posed dignity, and, as we have said, never offends by theatrical or vulgar sentiment. These, perhaps, are negative merits; yet—

*Est quiddam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.*

We cannot, indeed, conceal our impression, for which the preceding analysis contains the apology, that, as a living representation of a given event, Mr. Herbert's fresco entirely fails. But, at the same time, we would, in conclusion, remind our readers once more, not only of the worth of his conscientious labour in other respects, but of the amazing, the almost insuperable, difficulties of this subject. One cannot name in fancy above three or four men who would have been likely to succeed here, and these would be simply the greatest men in the art. Mr. Herbert's own modesty would, we are sure, be the first to refuse endorsing the lax language of that flattery which speaks of him as their rival.

#### THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

THERE are some dramatic works which, though intrinsically of no great value, and apparently harmonizing but little with the spirit of the age, may still, if occasionally revived, afford interest even to the more intellectual section of a modern audience. Prominent among these stand the pieces that are not only illustrated by the halo of some old association, but remain as types of a class or species that has passed away, though not so long ago as to leave no trace in the memory of older playgoers. The works to which we refer rather reflect the weakness than the strength of the period during which they arose, and so slight is their claim to admiration that no elderly gentleman on the sunny side of dotage would think of pointing to them as indices of the "goodness" of "old times." When they arise from the obscurity in which they have been

buried, all educated persons present at the revival regard them with a sort of contempt, but it is a contempt which is not unmingled with affection, and by no means implies an opinion that the manager has acted injudiciously in his labour of resuscitation. A play that, like Hamlet's "Mousetrap," has "no offence in't," and that for a long series of years has amused thousands of persons, may be profitably seen once by every educated person who cares to study phases in popular taste, and who, in judging a work of art, can distinguish between the subjective and the objective sources of interest.

The old melodrama of the *Miller and his Men*, which made so much noise when originally produced early in the century, and which even to this day remains the stock-play, *par excellence*, in all toy-theatres, furnished exactly a case in point when revived by Mr. Buckstone, a few years since, at the Haymarket. Here was a piece that not only merited the affection of elderly playgoers of the educated class, as something that had delighted them in their childhood, but deeply impressed upon them a change which had taken place in the public mind, and even in themselves, during the interval that had elapsed between the dates of its original production and its last revival. To the educated young, on the other hand, it was historically instructive; while to the young and old alike of the uneducated classes it offered those salient points of attraction which tell upon the masses of all generations, and seem wholly independent of critical appreciation.

The *Miller and his Men* represented a time when the public were content to believe in the existence of certain abstract beings called "robbers," or "banditti," who, in whatever country they chose to dwell, distinguished themselves from the rest of the inhabitants by hats and boots of a peculiar form, knives of unusual length, and a studied ferocity of aspect which denoted not only a fierce desire of plunder, but a love of crime for its own sake. These "robbers" did not appeal to any revolutionary feeling like the Carl Moor of Schiller; they had no connexion with history; they illustrated no peculiarity of time or place; and could only be assigned to that vague period when men left off wearing armour, had not assumed the frock coat and trousers, and abstained from wigs and powder. Those among our readers who know something about costume, but are utterly devoid of stage experience, will at once conclude that we point to the age of the earlier Stuarts; and no doubt that age was imperfectly reflected by the dresses to which we indefinitely refer. But these dresses marked no time or country; the slashed doublet did not necessarily precede the rapier and snuff-box; nor, if a gentleman wore a tunic, a broad hat with a nodding plume, and a girdle about his waist, was it hastily to be inferred that he was born long before the year 1800. Even at this very day—when managers pride themselves on their historical and topographical accuracy, and know that an Albanian is not a Corsican—we still see the Stranger, in the play of that name, attired, on the strength of his misanthropy, very much like one of the old conventional "robbers," and yet there is no doubt that he is intended for a gentleman of Kotzebue's own day.

The very names of some of the characters in the *Miller and his Men* indicate a general absence of feeling for local correctness. Wolf, as the German bandit, was all very well; but when he disguised himself as a miller, and called himself "Grindoff," it was apparent enough, although his pseudonym had a Slavonic look about it, that it was compounded of the thoroughly English elements "grind" and "off," which, while referring to the pretended vocation of the villain, less obviously adumbrated his predatory propensities. Then there was his lieutenant Riber, whose name was pronounced with the long English "i," the "ei" of the German. Whence got he this name? Was it formed from the English word "river" (a marauder) by a transformation of the "v" into the cognate "b," or was the German plural "Räuber"—pronounced, we might say, something like "royber," and easily Cocknified into "riber"—thrust before the author's mind? All was vague and indefinite. Nevertheless, these "robbers" were convenient living obstacles to stand in the path of virtuous folks; they afforded opportunities for as many striking collisions as the imagination of the dramatist could devise, and their overthrow answered those great ends of retributive justice which, in the eyes of the unsophisticated, are all-important. When the piece was revived, it was curious in the eyes of the intellectual observer, who could contrast the real points of interest with the conventional and inaccurate accompaniments which would have been fatal at the present day, but which were of no consequence in the eyes of a public less realistic in its views. That such a piece could succeed, if produced for the first time at one of the principal London theatres in the middle of the nineteenth century, no one thought for a moment; but a success in the past never loses its value.

O'Keeffe's "comic opera," the *Castle of Andalusia*, by the revival of which Mr. Buckstone has recently signalized the termination of the Haymarket season, is a type of stage conventionality that is even further removed from modern notions than the *Miller and his Men*; for, being avowedly an opera, it seems, in addition to its dramatic incongruities, to usurp a lyrical title to which it has no claim whatever. Nothing can be less like an opera, according to our present acceptance of the term, than the *Castle of Andalusia*. The action of the piece is wholly carried on in prose dialogue; the musical *morceaux*, tolerably numerous as they are, might be omitted with very little detriment to the plot; and the vocal prominence of the characters bears no assignable relation to their importance as personages in the drama.

Yet this same *Castle of Andalusia*—originally produced at Covent Garden in 1782, as a modification of another piece, called the *Banditti*, which had been damned the year before—was in the year of its birth, and for many years afterwards, an "opera" in the strictest sense of the word. Of a play the action of which should be mainly, if not entirely, carried on in music, our grandfathers had not the slightest conception. An opera, according to their view, was simply a dramatic piece, approaching more or less to the character of comedy or melodrama, and enlivened with songs that had little or nothing to do with the structure of the work. It is to this very conception of opera that the old wits, who assailed musical drama in general, owed their most advantageous position. Where all the personages talked in a manner intended to imitate that of ordinary life, the conduct of the love-sick swain who, when his sorrows had reached their culminating point, suddenly expressed his feelings in a song, might easily be stigmatized as palpably absurd. Where, on the other hand, the modern conception of opera is realized, the discrepancy vanishes. All the characters move in a musical atmosphere; music is the vehicle of their discourse, music accompanies their movements, and the songs, under whatever circumstances sung, appear no more unnatural than the rhymed speech of one of the personages in a narrative poem rhymed throughout. Indeed, at the present day, so thorough is the recognition of music as a fitting vehicle for dramatic expression that when, to accommodate the difficulty felt by most English vocalists in singing recitative, a small portion of operatic dialogue is spoken as mere prose, it is the speaking, not the singing, that appears absurd.

The difficulty of combining the dramatic with the musical element, which so seriously embarrassed our grandfathers, is indicated, in the *Castle of Andalusia*, by the thorough insignificance of the part connected with the tenor of the day. Don Alphonso, as he is called, was always played by the best tenor singer of the company, and is closely associated with the name of Braham, the link of union being the once famous air of the "Hardy Sailor." Nevertheless he is so completely external to the plot that this will scarcely be altered if he is omitted altogether. As it is, great liberties have been taken with him. When the piece was first brought out at Covent Garden in 1782, and he was represented by Mrs. Kennedy, he was allowed to marry the secondary lady; but O'Keeffe afterwards so altered the story as to give Lorenza to some one else, and leave poor Alphonso in single-blessedness, and in that condition he has remained to the present day.

Now, this isolated position of Don Alphonso is not a mere peculiarity of the *Castle of Andalusia*, but represents a generally established theory that an English tenor could not act; and those who turn to Sheridan's *Duenna* will there find a certain Don Carlos in precisely the same predicament. Yet these do-nothing gentlemen were commonly sustained by the artist who more than all the rest made the piece remunerative; and there is this convenience in their position, that they could be made to sing anything whatever, without impediment to the action. The only song set down for Alphonso in the play-book is the aforesaid "Hardy Sailor"; but when he was represented by Braham, for instance, the popular vocalist introduced *ad libitum* his favourite airs, to whatever subject these might refer. On the other hand, the remaining parts in the old so-called "operas" were always given to singing actors when music was required, for in some works of the class there is a principal character that does not sing at all. Thus at Covent Garden, about five-and-fifty years since, Don Scipio, a comic old man, was played by Emery; Pedrillo, a comic servant, by Fawcett; Spado, a facetious robber, by Munden. All these personages sing; indeed, Pedrillo's "Galloping dreary dun" is more clearly remembered at the present day than Pedrillo himself. A prominent bass vocalist, who executed what were considered fine manly songs, seems to have been always indispensable to this kind of opera. In the *Castle of Andalusia* he is represented by Don Caesar, captain of a band of robbers, whose songs, "The Wolf" and "Flow thou regal purple stream," have never been forgotten.

Ceasing to regard the *Castle of Andalusia* as an opera, and looking upon it as a spoken drama, which essentially it is, one is astonished to find what a very primitive form of amusement could satisfy the posterity of the men who witnessed the poetical plays of the Elizabethan period and the witty profligacies that followed the Restoration. Though the piece is by no means short, not the slightest attempt is made to inspire the audience with interest for any one of the serious characters. We are simply required to laugh at the airs of a valet who is mistaken for his master; at the cool impudence of a pusillanimous robber who has obtained admission into a castle under false pretences, and doubts whether he shall call in his comrades to plunder the establishment, or join with honest folk and give them up to justice; and at the ridiculous embarrassment of two dotards, each of whom is made wrongly to believe that the other is deaf, and accordingly stuns him with bawling. At the end of the piece, a whole band of burghlarious banditti is assured of pardon, merely that the story may come to a cheerful conclusion, and no one is expected to feel that moral justice has been violated. All the personages merely embody a number of stage conventions which seem to invite no comparison with the real life of the present or the past.

Our modern stage does us little credit, and abounds with absurdities, but still the absurdities are of a different kind from those of the *Castle of Andalusia*. Our present dramatists do not move in that thoroughly stazy atmosphere which in the last century was one of the evil results of a powerful combination of histrionic

excellence. We now suffer under an incapacity to form a company strong enough to do justice to a great work. Our grandfathers commanded such strength that they could give value to a weak one; and probably never was a greater quantity of trash written and tolerated than during the palmy days of the drama. Our present dramatists wish, at any rate, to approach actual life, however they may fail in the attempt; and even our sensation dramas arise from a desire to give harrowing scenes every semblance of reality.

But, while calling attention to the incompatibility of a favourite old piece with all modern notions, let us not pass unnoticed the spirit of genuine fun that pervades the dialogue of the *Castle of Andalusia*. The jokes of little Spado and Pedrillo, capably played by Messrs. Buckstone and Compton, are as fresh as ever.

## REVIEWS.

### PALGRAVE'S NORMANDY AND ENGLAND.\*

SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE'S former volumes stopped just where their interest to English readers promised to increase. He did not live to accomplish his design, and the fragment which he had published related almost exclusively to the history of the Continent. More, however, remains of the work which he planned than might have been anticipated. Mr. Francis Palgrave has edited two more volumes of his father's History, scarcely inferior in bulk to the two which preceded them, and richer and more important in their matter. The history of the Norman dynasty in England still remains unfinished, but it is brought down to the accession of Henry Beaufort. The two volumes now published show different degrees of completeness. Sir Francis Palgrave wrote and finished the fourth volume, which is occupied entirely with the reign of William Rufus, before he took in hand the third. The fourth volume was printed throughout in the author's lifetime, and Mr. Palgrave tells us that it represents, on the whole, his father's maturest judgment on the events narrated. The third volume, which begins with the last days of Richard Sans-peur, and goes down to the death of his great-grandson, the Conqueror, was left imperfect. The preparation of it was the occupation of the writer's last years; but he did not live to complete all the parts of it equally, or to arrange it and put it together in its ultimate form. Some of the chapters are printed, Mr. Palgrave says, from an almost perfect manuscript, prepared originally for publication; but others he has been obliged to make out as well as he could from fragments, and he has filled up some gaps by reprints and extracts from what his father had already published. Thus we may consider that we have the fourth volume very much as the writer intended it to appear; but the intervening part of the work, relating to the hundred years which ended at the Conqueror's death, remains, with all Mr. Palgrave's care, disjointed and unequal, and represents inadequately the volume which ought to have come in its place. It is always a matter of regret when a work does not receive the writer's best care and revision; and in this case it is doubtless a loss that we have not the full advantage of Sir Francis Palgrave's matured thoughts and conclusions upon such an event as the Conquest. But, from his peculiar way of writing, the loss is probably not so great as it would have been in the case of a writer who in his manner of composition laid more stress on symmetry and finish. We have, in the main at least, the substance of what he meant to tell us; and even if he could have worked longer at his History, the value of it would still have depended far less on form and style than on its substance.

It is needless to repeat the criticisms which have been made, and which it is obvious to make, on the manner in which Sir Francis Palgrave preferred to communicate his great knowledge, and his sagacious and original conceptions of early mediæval history. In these volumes there are the same manifold faults as in their predecessors, and the same proof of the possession of some of the rarest and most precious gifts which fit a man for an historian. The defects are on the surface, and unhappily are fatal, not merely to the general attractiveness of the work, but to its claim to the rank which it ought to have held in our historical literature. Knowledge, sympathy, imagination, humour, graphic felicity of touch and expression, elevated feeling, strong and manly judgment, a keen sense of truth, the power of unravelling and interpreting complicated and obscure phenomena, and of giving a probable meaning to disputed and contradictory facts, are all there as evidently as in the foremost historical writers. But the effect is almost hopelessly marred, partly by want of corresponding strength in other qualities of mind equally necessary for historical as for all other writing, partly from peculiarities of moral view, partly from a curious defiant kind of self-will and whimsical preference for remote allusions, paradoxical statements, and the rude force of colloquial phrases. But the great weakness is that the writer cannot keep his composition well in hand; he cannot command its march, its direction, its unity and coherence; it escapes from his control and wanders off, to the right hand and the left, into disproportionate digressions and incongruous reflections. It is not because it is too long or too minute that the reader feels himself lost in making his way through it; it is because the writer's profuse knowledge and vivid conceptions want

plan and arrangement, and because a great number of things are brought into his narrative which do not belong to it, and have no business there. But, if it is a hard book to read, it is eminently a book to consult. Any one can, by opening it, lay his hand on its odd or unsatisfactory parts—on pages of ill-placed sarcasm or one-sided eulogy and vituperation, on questionable philosophy, and even on hazardous conjectures, and on careless and inaccurate statements. But, for all that, it is a book that any one who has opened it will turn to again for fragments of description, of criticism, of illustration, which he would not easily find elsewhere. Not many writers, looking back with the cool and chastened judgment and with the varied experience and interest of modern times, have been able also to see with the eyes of old mediæval nobles and monks, to feel their feelings, and to understand their motives. This is part of Sir Francis Palgrave's power. His old records and chronicles are, to him, full of life—not the romantic, ornamental life of novels and novel-like histories, but real, hard, rough life, full of anomalies and contradictions, as men of business know it and as humorists descant upon it. Among the dim and shadowy figures who bear such grand names, but whose shifting and confused personality evades the grasp of the ordinary mind, he appears as much at home, with as distinct and vivid an impression on his mind of their characters and looks, as if he were Ordericus himself. If only he could interest us in the whole scene, if only he had possessed proportionate power in unfolding the movement and significance of the general story, the leading actors in it might, under his vigorous and discriminating touch, have started into new life and distinctness, and become recognised and well-defined personages in history; but it is difficult to feel interest in the men when the current of events with which they are concerned flows uncertainly and feebly. But though we cannot get ourselves to care very much for most of the people whom he brings before us—for William Talvas, or Herbert Wake-the-Dog, or Robert de Belesme—yet when they are brought before us in his pages we cannot help feeling that they were real men, and not mere names. The stage, too, is as familiar to him as the actors. Places and scenes, which often have so little meaning in the narrative of events, are marked by associations and their natural features. An observant traveller, delighting in local characteristics and beauty, has combined his vivid recollections with the minute and varied knowledge of the antiquarian student of books and monuments. A phrase or an epithet brings before our eyes the circumstances amid which events took place, and from which they derived part of their character and result; or a careful and accurate topographical study lights up an important bit of English or Norman geography. Again and again we come on sentences which in a few words suggest or revive the character of a town, a building, or a landscape; and again and again, as we read on, we have to lament that, for want of sustained power and order, the interest of the whole does not correspond to the variety and picturesque force of the details.

Sir Francis Palgrave's sketch—for it is but a sketch, though it fills half a volume—of William the Conqueror is forcible and interesting. He looks upon William as pursued from his birth by a dark and evil fate, which saddened his life, but gave unusual force and grandeur to his character. We are reminded of the gloom and melancholy which are represented in Lord Macaulay's account as weighing on the heroic mind of William III. Norman William, Sir Francis Palgrave tells us, carried to his grave the shame of his father's sin; in prosperity and in adversity it was always remembered against him, and he himself never forgot, that he was the Bastard. It is true that all his predecessors had been born out of what the Church blessed as wedlock; but in every other case but his, the child of the irregular union had been legitimated by a subsequent marriage. Moreover, his mother was the daughter of a Flemish tanner; and a tanner's trade was a loathsome and abhorred one. Sir Francis Palgrave quotes from the metrical chronicles the curse pronounced on the tanner's child by William Talvas, the fierce and turbulent Marcher lord of Belesme; and as the history proceeds we are continually reminded of the shame, and the curse which it called down. Hence the early unpopularity of William, and the rebellions of the Barons against his authority. Hence his humiliation and dangers, till, disciplined by adversity, and with his great natural powers exercised by opposition and peril, he manifested his skill as a soldier, and forced his nobles to own their master in the critical battles of Val-es-Dunes and Mortimer. There is an imaginative solemnity and completeness in Sir Francis Palgrave's view of the Conqueror, always strong, powerful, wise, and fortunate, wishing, but not often able, to be just, yet always bearing about and feeling a shameful brand upon his name, and deploring the bitterness of a lot which seemed so glorious and prosperous. But it appears to us an unauthorized, or at least very imperfectly supported, improvement upon what our authorities tell us. "From first to last," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "wherever William Arlotte's bastard moved, whether in court or camp, he was always more or less in bad odour, surrounded, so to speak, by his native air, the fetid atmosphere of the unsavoury tan-yard." But this bold generalization really depends, not on proof, but on Sir Francis Palgrave's vivid realizing of what he supposes the people who surrounded William to have felt about bastards and about tanners; and it seems to us more probable that he overstates these feelings, when the other points of William's character and fortunes are taken into account. So about William's career. Thorns strewed the path of the glorious Conqueror; "his destiny, a life of agony, a death

\* *The History of Normandy and England*. By Sir Francis Palgrave. Vols. III. and IV. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

of sorrow." The only reason which appears for ascribing to William an unusual share of dissatisfaction with his lot is the speech which Ordericus Vitalis puts into his mouth on his death-bed. But it is difficult to believe that that long history is anything but an imaginary composition of the rhetorical and learned chronicler himself.

Sir Francis Palgrave's remarks on the effect of the Conquest deserve great attention. In form, they are loose and incomplete; they need to be digested and fortified by explanations and proofs; they continually baffle us with allusions where we want downright and positive statements; but, inadequate as they are, viewed as a satisfactory investigation of an obscure subject, they show a right way of looking at it, and caution and good sense in forming conclusions on it. In describing a great and eventful revolution, there is always the temptation to overstate the amount of change produced, and the contrast between the old and the new; to overlook the influences or the steps which prepare for and soften the rudest transitions; and, above all, to exaggerate the suddenness and completeness of the innovations. Sir Francis Palgrave was certainly on his guard against these broad and unqualified ways of looking at the Conquest, improbable in themselves and inconsistent with facts. The Norman invasion was an opportunity for others besides the Conqueror; and though he had secured, as far as he could, the name and legal position of King—about which, even then, there attached an authority without counterpart or rival—yet to the end of his life it continued doubtful whether the Continental soldiers whom he had brought over with him, and placed in power, would not succeed in dismembering England after the fashion of the great principalities of Northern and Western Gaul. Again, Sir Francis Palgrave strongly asserts that William made no attempt to "Normanize the English people," or to introduce a "new religion, new language, new customs, new laws." The laws which he recognised were those of his predecessor, the Confessor; the tenants of the land were gradually changed to a great extent, but the tenures were the old ones, no more characteristically Norman than they were English. There are no remains or evidences of Norman jurisprudence anterior to the Conquest, and he is disposed to think that Normandy borrowed from England far more than it gave. "In the great points of resemblance," as to feudal tenures and the technical procedures of the law, "I believe," he says, "that though some of them resulted from the Norman Conquest, yet that others were only accelerated by it. They were already proceeding; the fermentation had begun, but slowly and sluggishly, and the Conquest only afforded an additional and perhaps more active leaven." His view of the changes is, that institutions arose from the combination of the old English law with measures necessary for the government of a newly subjugated country, which imparted new vigour to the sovereign authority. So with respect to the introduction of the French language. Sir Francis Palgrave maintains that what came undoubtedly to pass later under the Plantagenets is antedated when put back to the Conquest. "What William found, he kept; like his predecessors, his laws and charters were written either in English or Latin." The code of laws ascribed to him, and written in French, is "merely a translation from a Latin text, executed, as it would seem, about the conclusion of the reign of Henry III." French, which was becoming familiar to the Court in the reign of the Confessor, did not really become the language of law, administration, and commerce till the time of Henry Beauclerc.

The fourth volume, more elaborate and finished than the third, exemplifies remarkably its author's strength and weakness. Its subject is the reign of William Rufus; and this subject is treated with great clearness and vigour of thought. But in the middle of the history, just when we are beginning to follow with interest the process of consolidation going on in the Conqueror's loosely compacted dominions under the vigorous rule of his wild but able son, and the remarkable contest of authority between the deepest metaphysical thinker and the most formidable soldier of the age, two long digressions break the natural thread of the history. For one there is some excuse. The chapter on Anglo-Saxon Scotland takes in events with which Rufus was connected; but it is really a separate dissertation—and a very interesting one it is—on the English civilization which was fastening its hold on the South of Scotland, and tending powerfully to bind it on to England as firmly as Yorkshire and Northumberland are bound. The other digression is a much longer one, and one for which there is less pretext. It is a singularly picturesque and striking account of the Crusades. Nearly two hundred pages of narrative, political reflection, sarcastic invective, ideal sketches full of humour and deep knowledge, sly or indignant contrast between the past and the present, and charming pictures of local scenes, stop us when we are in the middle of William's short but important reign, on which our attention ought to have been kept undivided for the very reason that, though great and eventful influences operated powerfully and steadily all through it, it is barren of occurrences which strike the imagination and fix themselves in the memory. But Sir Francis Palgrave had much to say about the Crusades, and much that is well worth reading; and he could not resist the temptation to turn aside into the wide field which lay beside his proper path. In his account of the reign of Rufus, he shows his peculiar power of discerning amid the wildest disorder, which he represents in its bare and natural reality, the seeds of coming order. He points out the rude skill with which Rufus and his administrator Flambard laid the foundations of a systematic method of finance, to serve as a permanent

and sound basis for the King's power. "He accumulated the vigour of an orderly legislation on the savage principles of earlier days; the strictness of regular government denying the compensations derived from irregular barbarity." But it seems to us that he pushes his view of the system and policy of Rufus' reign to an improbable extreme when he interprets his wholesale appropriation of Church lands as the result of a distinct and deeply meditated plan for the general secularization of all ecclesiastical property. In this he seems to make the mistake which he more than once protests against—the mistake of transferring the ideas and plans of one age to another in which they are simple anachronisms. He brings out with much force and truthfulness the real nature of the point at issue in the contest between the King and Archbishop Anselm, and the true bearing on the interests of society at the time of the principles which were brought into such keen conflict; and he does full justice, not merely to the motives, but to the masterly skill and conduct and self-command of the great Archbishop in his difficult and hazardous opposition to the tyranny of his day.

In these volumes, teeming with odd facts and remote allusions, there is not a single reference from beginning to end. The same plan was followed by Sir Francis Palgrave in his two former volumes; but in them he subjoined, in the shape of an appendix, notices, often very instructive, of his authorities. Here, however, the author had not made the necessary preparations; and it is perhaps more than we have a right to expect from an editor that he should supply the want. We hear a great deal about the uselessness of foot-notes, but a book like this shows us how inconvenient it is to be without them. Of course, for much of the narrative, a student who knows what the main authorities are need not be at a loss, if he wishes to verify a statement. But there is no reason why he should be obliged to lose time in making out what the writer might have shown him at a glance; and besides this, there are, in such a book as this, a vast number of facts alleged, or put in a particular light, for which it is distinctly important to know where they come from, and on what grounds the historian has made up his mind. But there is another accompaniment which these volumes greatly need, and which it would not have been so difficult or troublesome for the editor to furnish. They have copious tables of contents, and marginal abstracts; but they have no index. Yet half the usefulness of a book like this depends on its being provided with a full and accurate index.

#### HUDIBRAS.\*

A NEW pocket edition of this remarkable satire is a phenomenon which suggests many curious reflections. It is just two hundred years since the first and second parts of Butler's poem were published; so that Mr. Tegg might, if he chose, claim for the volume before us the captivating title of the Bicentenary Butler. During nearly two centuries *Hudibras* has been a work which (according to the common phrase) no gentleman's library ought to be without. Copies dating from the seventeenth century are still circulating in old calf, and to be heard of in the latest booksellers' catalogues. Its author is universally known as the immortal Samuel Butler, and every specimen of later satirical verse remotely approaching his in measure or style is christened Hudibrastic. As many familiar quotations in common literary use are actually taken from its pages (in proportion to the length of the poem) as from the writings of any other English poet except Shakespeare. And many other proverbial commonplaces that are not literally taken from this source have the credit of being so. Whenever the origin of

He who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day

is brought into question, there are twenty decently credible witnesses ready to swear of their own knowledge that the very words are to be found in *Hudibras*, for one sceptic on the other side. Worshippers of ingenuity in rhyme are still found to deny that even the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, or Mr. Browning himself, has surpassed Butler in the power of piling up surprising combinations of sound and sense, to alarm and satisfy the reluctant ear. Yet it may be questioned whether many of the most genuine admirers of the immortal *Hudibras* could, without special cramming, pass a satisfactory examination in the framework of the story or the details of the poem. Immortal as its fame theoretically is, and deserved as its popularity has been, one side of the merits of *Hudibras* may now fairly be given up as no longer practically appreciable. As a farcical tale of any reasonable verisimilitude, or even as a consistent and great satirical picture, *Hudibras* is too widely remote from our own times to create now any vivid interest in itself as a whole. *Don Quixote* finds new worshippers in every successive generation of cultivated humanity, provided always that his adventures are read at the right critical moment of youth, when the genuine craving for chivalric adventure and noble character is nicely balanced with the power of appreciating the humour of the burlesque perils and heroic insanity of the cavalier of *La Mancha*. But there is no critical moment of life at which the study of *Hudibras* is a more peculiar duty or pleasure than at any other age. To nineteenth-century readers *Hudibras* must be always equally unreal, equally curious, and equally sparkling, whether they are young or old.

Satires like *Hudibras* are the product, not only of a special

\* *Hudibras*. A Poem. By Samuel Butler. London: William Tegg. 1864.

genius, but of a special time. The England of to-day is neither in outward show nor inward habit divided into any such antagonistic parties as those of the Puritans and the Cavaliers. No single national dispute, no religious or moral difference underlying every relation of life, necessarily and openly ranges all modern Englishmen on one side or the other, to think and feel to the death with the party each has chosen. We have known no civil conflict embittering year after year, and terminating in the apparently absolute depression of one faction and the equally absolute despotism of the other. Nor have we known a sudden reaction bring into power and fashion the party which had for years been cast down, and give it the opportunity of venting the accumulated sarcasms of its late period of impotence against an adversary whose whole garb and demeanour formed an easy butt for sarcasm. Our own vices and follies, as well as our outward peculiarities, are dealt about more promiscuously among the whole people. It would be impossible to hold up to ridicule any representative individual among ourselves who would be recognised with merriment by the one half of the nation, as embodying the solemn affectations and hypocrisies which they professed to consider the true characteristics of the other half. In short, we are happily neither in the temper nor the circumstances of England after the Restoration. When we have a *New Timon* amongst us, the field and the style of his satire are equally remote from those which characterize *Hudibras*, and his popularity is of a very different order. If the adventures of *Hudibras* could be put upon the modern stage as an extravaganza, got up with every advantage of decoration, they would be unanimously condemned as no less stupid and unmeaning than vulgar. There exists no longer in English life any typical figure to which they could be applicable, and in the absence of such interest they would be felt at once to be a mere burlesque upon the dullest improbabilities.

Yet the essence of *Hudibras* remains, and will remain, immortal. A thing of wit and humour, no less than a thing of beauty, is a joy for ever. The English language has visibly altered in manner and expression since *Hudibras* was written, but English readers are happily still conscious of the merits of a clear and forcible style. Whatever Butler says is said in the aptest words, arranged in the fittest order; and the quality of what he has to say is always strong and sensible. From the general level of broad humour and pungent wit which has given a name to the Hudibrastic manner, he sometimes rises by a touch of imagination into a pure poetical beauty which would not be generally called Hudibrastic. While the thin phantom characters and phantom circumstances of the poem decompose by the action of time, the apophthegms and descriptive passages shine out with as much solidity and brilliancy as at first. The images and metaphors are as powerful to our ears as to those of the critics and wits of the Restoration. No poet of our own day could express the shades of his meaning more exactly or concisely; and it is interesting sometimes to recognise a train of thought, familiar to us as worked out by one of our own poets at fuller length, upon which Butler's genius has just flashed the light of a moment and no more. It would be easy to pick out many couplets from *Hudibras* each of which might stand as the appropriate compendious text of a more recently elaborated sonnet or poem. And the satire is not more remarkable for its native strength than for the proofs it contains of its author's wide and ready learning.

Partial and one-sided as the celebrated description of the Presbyterian party, to which Butler's burlesque hero belonged, obviously is, it is so neat and clever that, even at this distance of time, we can see, if not feel, how eagerly it must have been caught at by the enemies of those whom it ridiculed, as expressing the general sentiment in words which all could appreciate and remember. Those who, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, hated a Puritan as they hated the Devil, whether for some exquisite reason, for reason good enough, or for no reason at all, could all alike enjoy and learn by heart the following embodiment of what they thought, or wished to think, of a large section of their fellow-countrymen:—

A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd perverse antiquities;  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss;  
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;  
That with more care keep holiday  
The wrong, than others the right way;  
Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to;  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipped God for spite.  
The selfsame thing they will abhor  
One way, and long another for;  
Freewill they one way disavow,  
Another, nothing else allow;  
All piety consists therein  
In them, in other men all sin.

To whom our knight, by fast instinct  
Of wit and temper was so linkt,  
As if hypocrisy and nonsense  
Had got the adownson of his conscience.

The proverbial notoriety of the two lines which recite the terms of the hypocrite's composition for his favourite sins is an illustration of what we have said above as to the measure and conditions of Butler's poetical immortality. The vivid sarcastic description of the Presbyterian party of the seventeenth century has peeled

off into comparative unfamiliarity along with the peculiar type it treats of; but every modern reader knows and quotes as a household word the personal touch which marks the hypocrite or humbug of all time. Another instance of the same kind may be taken out of the catechism which *Hudibras* is made to repeat when in the clutches of the supposed demon. The four lines—

"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?"  
"About two hundred pounds a year."  
"And that which was proved true before,  
Prove false again?" "Two hundred more!"—

have outlived most of their immediate companions in the public memory, because they catch in the meshes of their satire a larger and more common shoal of versatile rascality than the obsolete class of fish for which they were designed. They survive, like the Vicar of Bray, because they are appropriate to the fashion of whatsoever king may reign, or as Juvenal's portrait of the hungry Greek of the Roman Empire survives, because it exhausted in two felicitous lines the whole catechism of a plausible shiftiness which recurs and utilizes itself in any age and any country, not in the Roman Empire alone.

Here, again, is a political epigram which has lost none of its brilliancy, and it is only in virtue of our claim to an improved political morality that we can say it has lost any of its pungency:—

All countries are a wise man's home,  
And so are governments to some,  
Who change them for the same intrigues  
That statesmen use in breaking leagues;  
While others in old faiths and troths  
Look odd, as out-of-fashioned clothes,  
And nastier in an old opinion,  
Than those who never shift their linen.  
For True and Faithful's rare to lose,  
Which way soever the game goes;  
And whether parties lose or win,  
Is always nicked, or else hedged in;  
While power usurped, like stol'n delight,  
Is more bewitching than the right,  
And when the times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the halter.

The last few lines bear some resemblance to a lyrical phrase in the *Girella*, or political whirligig of the Tuscan satirist Giusti:—

Ma capofitti  
Cascaron gli asini,  
Noi valent'uomini  
Stiam sempre ritti,  
Mangiando i frutti  
Del mal di tutti.

*Girella* also bears a general likeness to Butler's character of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The strength of such satires depends, as we have said, upon the special character of the time in which they are written. Giusti wrote his *Girella* and his *Gingillino* in a state of political society more flagrantly corrupt and rotten than even that of which *Hudibras* is a reflection; and the lightning of the Italian poet is throughout more concentrated and withering than that of Butler.

We can hardly quote here the whole description of Fame in its full length and breadth; but the beginning of it is an admirable type of graceful burlesque writing:—

There is a tall long-sided dame,  
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame,  
That like a thin camelion boards  
Herself on air, and eats her words;  
Upon her shoulders wings she wears  
Like hanging sleeves, lined through with ears,  
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,  
Made good by deep mythologist;  
With these she through the welkin flies,  
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies.

Equal neatness of expression and wittiness of thought mark the dialogue between *Hudibras* and the wary widow, in which the knight offers to pledge his soul that he has inflicted upon himself the whipping he had sworn to undergo, whereas in truth and in fact he has done nothing of the kind:—

Quoth he, "If you suspect my troth,  
I cannot prove it but by oath;  
And if you make a question on't,  
I'll pawn my soul that I have don't;  
And he that makes his soul his surety,  
I think, does give the best security."  
Quoth she, "Some say the soul's secure  
Against distress and forfeiture;  
Is free from action, and exempt  
From execution and contempt;  
And to be summoned to appear  
In the other world's illegal here,  
And therefore few make any account  
Int' what incumbrances they run't;  
For most men carry things so even  
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,  
Without the least offence to either,  
They freely deal in all together;  
And equally abhor to quit  
This world for both, or both for it;  
And when they pawn and damn their souls,  
They are but prisoners on parole."

In this way we might almost quote the whole poem in extracts, while characterizing the thread of it as one which has grown incoherent and unsatisfactory through lapse of time. The cord upon which so many jewels of wit, prettiness, and strength were strung two hundred years back may now easily be pulled to pieces; but, meantime, the jewels are still there. Butler knew

how far he might trust the cord to carry the weight he put upon it. Above all, he knew what he wanted to say; and he knew the value of words as thoroughly as any English author ever has done. His portrait of Sir Hudibras is no more of a satire upon the great Presbyterian party than his ironical description of the laws guiding the composition of his own poetry is a satire upon himself:—

But those that write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other's sake;  
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
I think's sufficient at one time.

#### SALVERTE'S HISTORY OF NAMES.\*

WE reviewed the first volume of this queer book about two years ago, and it had pretty well passed from our mind till we just now received the second volume. The second gives us pretty much the same impression as the first did. It is hard to see any reason for reproducing now a work clearly belonging to a past age of scholarship—a work which was plainly the fruit of extensive reading, but which is utterly uncritical and utterly unmethodical, and of which it is not easy to catch the general drift. In such a case one is much more inclined to be angry with the translator than with the original author. Why not let M. Salverte and his crude speculations sleep undisturbed? They were no worse than they were likely to be when no one had yet explored the boundaries of history and myth, and when the sciences of Comparative Philology and Comparative Mythology were alike unknown. Had we lighted accidentally on M. Salverte's book in the original, we should have turned over its pages with a sort of curiosity, as a specimen of the things which were once thought and written by men who had both read a good deal and, in a kind of way, reflected a good deal. Such a book calls up no harsh feeling whatever; we take it as a fact; we look at it, as the title-page before us says, "in its connexion with the progress of civilization." But our feelings are rather different when a book of this sort is translated into English and ushered into the world as something valuable in itself. Except from a general vague desire to publish something, we cannot see why Mr. Mordacque should have set to work to translate M. Salverte. We see no more why he did it at all than why, if he did it, he should make himself so much more prominent than his author. On the back, Mr. Mordacque's name—certainly only as translator—appears at large, and M. Salverte's name does not appear at all. On the title-page, Mr. Mordacque appears, as usual, in uncial letters, while M. Salverte's name is printed in an unusually small type, and is—we cannot in the least guess why—fenced about with inverted commas. And, whether M. Salverte's book was worth translating or not, Mr. Mordacque is clearly not equal to the task of translating it. We do not say that a translator need have gone through the same amount of research as the original author, but we do say that he should be at least capable of appreciating his author's research. He should have some notion who the writers are whom his author quotes, and in what languages they wrote. In short, though the translator need not have read all that his author has read, he should at least be able to verify his author's references. What for instance can be said for the man who sends out a note in this fashion?—

With regard to such changes, which took place in Greece, and were introduced by the Greeks of the Declining Empire, see the note of Léon Allatius on the twenty-fourth chapter of the *Histoire de Georgius Acropolita*, and the unpublished fragment which is there contained. *Georgii Acropolitæ Historia* (folio, Parisiis, 1651), pp. 241, 242.

Here is of course no sort of fault in M. Salverte, writing, as he of course did, in French. But what can be Mr. Mordacque's notion of "Léon Allatius" and "Georgius Acropolita"? Who does he think they were, and of what nation? Does he suppose that George was himself a French writer, or that somebody else wrote George's own history in French? The words "*Histoire de Georgius Acropolita*," coming in the midst of an English sentence, seem capable of either meaning. Again, M. Salverte talks about "Lycia and the country of the Curetes" in a mythical strain which is rather beyond us. To explain "the country of the Curetes" we find in a note "*La Carie*. Scholiast. in Euripid. *Orest.* v. 963." A few pages on we get "See *Le Grand Etymologiste*, under the word 'Boura.' Callimachus and his Scholiast. *Hymn in Delum*, v. 102." Here, again, no one can blame M. Salverte for writing in his own language, but it is clear that Mr. Mordacque copies down words without having the least notion what they mean. "*Le Grand Etymologiste*," which Mr. Mordacque seemingly takes for a French work, a companion probably to Morel and *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, is doubtless the book commonly quoted as "*Etymologicum Magnum*." As for "*La Carie*," if anybody has a crotchet to call *Caria Cary* we shall not fight against him. But "*La Carie*" in writing English is as unpleasant as *Londres*, *Cantorbery*, or *Mayence*. After this, we are really not surprised to find "*Stephen of Byzantium*" quoted in the text, while the note stands thus:—

*Encyclopédie Méthodique. Antiquités.* See article on the *Arimaspi*.

Was then the "article on the *Arimaspi*" written by "Stephen of Byzantium"?

\* *History of the Names of Men, Nations, and Places in their Connection with the Progress of Civilization.* From the French of Eusebius Salverte. Translated by the Rev. L. H. Mordacque, M.A. Oxon. Vol. II. London: J. R. Smith. 1864.

M. Salverte's own text is, as in the other volume, a great deal too unconnected and too uncritical for us to attempt any sort of summary of it. It is not merely that he belongs to the pre-scientific æra. There were plenty of people in that æra who sat down with a perfectly distinct notion of what they wanted to prove. But, though M. Salverte's book contains a great deal of real information—very much more in the first volume than in the second—it is so oddly put together, and so mixed up with utterly wild speculation, that it is quite impossible to see what is the general object of the work. M. Salverte, as indeed is not very wonderful, has no notion of the difference between history and legend. He swallows all Greek mythical tales as so much undoubted truth, or, if he ever hesitates, it is simply to question some point of detail, just as one might question points of detail in the most authentic history. Surely, now that scientific mythology has made certain advances, we hardly get much edification from the following:—

Europe is a name by which we are at once reminded of the centre of the world's civilization; Europa is the name of a fortress built by Justinian in Epirus, and of another raised on the banks of the Euphrates, in the district of Comagene. *Euporia*, a Greek name, could hardly, I think, have been borne by the sister of a Phœnician, whose king had sent him, not to rescue a princess who had been carried away captive by pirates, but in reality to found a colony on the western shores of the Mediterranean. I am rather inclined to believe that this was the name of several nymphs mentioned in mythology, and also of some other women who were celebrated for the beauty of their eyes.

The following description sounds odd to those who know anything about *Ætolia*:—

The Eurytians, a peacefully disposed people in *Ætolia*, who were treated as barbarians because they were sufficiently wise to be conscious of their weakness and to live in fear of the whole human race, tried to ensure their safety by living in inaccessible caverns.

There is something irresistibly grotesque in the notion of these unconquerable plunderers, who, by the way, are nowhere called barbarians except by the last Philip, being peaceably disposed or dreading anybody.

On the opposite page we read:—

The possessors of the soil of Great Britain usurp the title of Britons in vain; the appellation Angles, or Englishmen, recalling as it does a warlike tribe, the birthplace of which was situated near the country of Lochlin, is another vain attempt to bury the Saxon invasion and the Norman Conquest in oblivion. The troubles, and crimes, and atrocities, by which the Saxon invasion was signalized, were engraved in indelible characters in the memories and hearts of the natives. Saxon is still the only name by which the true Britons, i.e. the mountain population of Scotland and Wales, recognise the English; and the word Saxon never fails to kindle in their hearts feelings of the bitterest hatred, and an insatiable thirst for revenge.

Whether every Welshman who talks about "Sais" and "Saesneg" is quite so savage as all this we rather doubt. As to the main fact, M. Salverte wrote before all the hubble about "Anglo-Saxons" began; but we doubt whether Englishmen generally have any particular desire to exchange their national name for that of Britons. Poets talk about "Britons," because the form "Angle" is obsolete and the form "Englishman" seldom suits the verse; but in common talk the word "Briton" is most commonly used as a word, not of usurpation, but of conciliation, when, in talking to a Scot or a Welshman, you are anxious to use a name which includes him.

In one or two passages M. Salverte gets on the scent of a question which we wish to throw out as one well worthy of examination:—

The origin of the name of Berne, as related by creditable authors, is substantiated by a series of pictures which may be seen in the Town Hall, and is further established by the bear which is figured in the arms of the Canton, and by the living bears that are kept there in dens. Berchtold of Zaeringen resolved to give the name of the first animal he killed in hunting to the town he was about to build; it turned out to be a bear, *Beeren*. But the old town of Berne, which is still so called, existed long before Berchtold erected a strong tower on the rock that commands it. Its situation, sheltered as it was by the rock, and scarcely accessible, so long as there was no bridge over the Aar, had destined it to be, at all times, what it still is, the shelter and the dwelling-place of fishermen. The name of Berne was most appropriate; it is Teutonic, and means a *net*, an instrument for fishing. It enters into the composition of a great number of names of places which are favourably situated for fishing; it was imported into France either by the Saxons who settled in the country of the Cadeti, or with the followers of the victorious Sygambri. I will only mention Bernières on the coast, not far from the mouth of the Orne, and Bernières on the left bank of the Upper Seine, a farmstead made famous by the death of the learned Pierre Pithou, one of the writers of the *Mémoires de l'Académie*, and the earliest editor of the *Fables of Phædrus*.

Some way on we read—

Far from the shores of their own ocean, the warlike exploits of the Scandinavians filled the Mediterranean with alarm. They landed in the neighbourhood of Berne, attacked the city and plundered it. The system of synonymous arrangement which I have been recommending would at once inform us that the Icelandic Sagas had altered the name of Verona, a town which had frequently suffered from the attacks of those pirate heroes.

Now to land at Verona, strictly speaking, would be almost as difficult as to land at Bern, though, between river-craft and land-marches, the Northmen may well have reached either place. Only Bern was not a city in their days, and Verona was. We attach very little value to M. Salverte's theory about nets, because the name is doubtless Celtic or pre-Teutonic of some sort; the real point, of which M. Salverte seems to have just got a glimmering, is that Bern and Verona are in all probability the same name. Bern is called Verona, and Verona is called Bern. The Professor

of History at Cambridge is doubtless ready to tell us everything about a certain "Dietrich von Bern" in days long before Duke Berchthold, and, on the other hand, we have seen the Burgundian Bern spoken of as "Verona in montibus." But may we not go a little further? Here is another passage from M. Salverte:—

The people in the province of Noricum had their several dialects, which differed materially from the Latin; that mattered little, for, according to Suidas, Virunum or Virunium (the name of one of their towns) was derived from *vir unus*, a single or individual man. An instrument of the divine wrath, a wild boar which none could kill, was once depopulating the country; alone worthy of the title of a man, a courageous individual, rivaling the daring feats of Hercules at Erymanthus, fought the monster, slew it, and brought it home upon his shoulders. The town was immediately called by a name which should thenceforth commemorate the great event. I will only observe, by the way, that there was a Germanic tribe called the Viruni, and we shall see at once, and better than in the account of Suidas, what must be the true derivation.

Again, may not *Βηρονομος*, or Virunium, be cognate with Bern and Verona? What again of the Pyrenean Bears? What of Herodotus's city *Pyrene*, and the Pyrenees themselves? It should be remembered that the name Pyrenees is also applied to the Alps, as may be seen at length in Otto of Freising, b. ii. c. 12.

The tale about "Vir unus" reminds us of another in quite a different part of the world. For the name of the castle of Manorbeer in Pembrokeshire many odd derivations have been given. Some say it is the *manor* of a Welsh prince, who bore the somewhat strange name (for those parts) of *Pyrrhus*. Two Saxon travellers, going a long way through the village without finding a public-house, were inclined to think it was called (like *lucus à non lucendo*) because there was not any "manner of beer" to be got there. But we have actually read in a local book that the neighbourhood was once greatly infested, not by a boar, but, like Bern, by a bear; at last a stout knight went forth, like Duke Berchthold, and slew the bear. He did not, however, do it without much hard fighting, so that for a long time it was doubtful to which victory would fall, "*man or bear*." Wherefore the name of the castle was called *Man-or-bear*, and by a later corruption *Manorbeer*.

#### MR. CHRISTOPHER KATYDID.\*

WE really seem to stand a very good chance of becoming profoundly intimate with the inner life of the Americans. It would be plainly unfair to take any one of their books, and from that alone to deduce a theory of their vulgarity, meanness, or profligacy; but if English publishers will favour us with a regular supply of Yankee novels, we shall be able, by pursuing the strict inductive method, to discover with tolerable accuracy the fundamental laws of existence in the States. Manhattan's *Marion*, by its unaffected coarseness and reckless candour, is an important contribution to the material from which our theory must be constructed; for although nobody supposes *Marion* to be a fair representation of ordinary American life, yet it is still more improbable, from the rest of his writing, that Manhattan should have invented such a picture out of his own head. Whatever else it may be, *Marion* is not a work of imagination, and it does beyond doubt reproduce pretty faithfully a sort of career which may be found in some quarters of New York. Those who are curious about American society will take *Marion* for what it is worth, and we may say the same of the strange book before us. We have no more right to accept it as a true picture of life in Alabama than a Yankee has to take a fashionable novel, or a story in the *London Journal*, as a true account of the state of things in Mayfair. But even these have a certain value, and under their overwhelming rapidity or preposterous exaggeration one may discern a faint shadow at least of the reality. At all events, even bad novels are useful as indicating the lowest intellectual point of the literature of an age, if they do nothing else; and, if they are the novels of another country, this may be a very interesting thing to know. From the Southern States of America the scantiest contributions ought to be thankfully received. We are, comparatively speaking, so entirely ignorant of their literary tastes and powers, and their ways of life are so little known to us except through the reports of malignant enemies, that the maddest of novels is worth a certain amount of attention. We cast about in vain for any better epithet for the tale before us than "mad." It is by no means feeble. It has plenty of rude humour. To stigmatize it as grossly improbable and absurd would be a very faint account of it in one way, while in another we should be presuming too much on our knowledge of what is rational and probable in Alabama. We seem to be transported to a land whose customs and general measure of things are as remote from our own as those of the Brobdingnagians or the Houyhnhnms. We gladly set down a good deal of this topsy-turvy aspect to the particular fault of the writer, and of the residue thereof we make an Alabamian. It is, perhaps, not impossible to separate the two elements, and the desirableness of getting to know as much as we can about all the world renders it worth while to make the attempt. As the hero is conducted from long clothes to matrimony with much minute detail, the reader gets a close view of what babies, children, schoolboys, lads at college, and young men have to go through in Alabama; and, with the exception of the first two stages, he will find some very remarkable and novel characteristics in each of them. Jack Dashwood, as a baby and a boy, is not strikingly different from the same creature in this country;

and it is not until he has been sent off to college for getting drunk on juleps, and blowing up his father's hen-roosts on "the Glorious Fourth," that we are introduced to the original features of the book. A rather funny illustration, by the way, of the American passion for big figures may be found in the calculation made by a New York paper that not less than two hundred millions of iced juleps are annually consumed on this memorable day, and not less than twenty million dollars expended on them. It is difficult to think of a more forcible testimony to American patriotism, and it enables us to understand, too, how sympathizing audiences are secured for those prodigious orations which have made the Fourth of July one of the jokes of the Old World. The hero soon discloses other traits of his countrymen besides their capacity for mixing and drinking juleps. On his way to college, the landlord of an hotel blandly cheats him out of fifty dollars by getting him to discount the notes of a bank that had failed years before. It is just, however, to say that Mr. Dashwood flattered himself that he had been the cheat. Imagine the landlord of the Christopher at Eton or the Mitre at Oxford asking a freshman to change a cheque on the Royal British Bank, or the freshman, having done so, congratulating himself on having cheated the said landlord out of twenty pounds by the transaction. At college, this dishonesty shows itself in a less culpable form in the sphere of love-making, and at length, after prolonged intrigues, the hero and his bosom friend find, in the course of casual conversation, that they are both engaged to the same lady. Then they both throw her overboard, and she determines on revenge. The way in which undergraduates and their sweethearts enjoy sweet converse in Alabama is exceedingly curious. Mr. Harebrain, the hero's friend, was "generally graceful in manners and fluent in conversation," but on this occasion "all his motions were awkward, and his sentiments uttered rather spasmodically; but he was resolved to throw off this bungling timidity, and court with a bold swagger and humour."

"Well, Mr. Harebrain, is this a sample of your good breeding, sir? Compel a lady to commence the conversation! You have a great reputation among the girls for gallantry, sir. What is the matter, sir? Speak up!"

"Ahem!" quoth Harry, clearing his throat, and speaking almost in a whisper. "Ahem! Miss, you seem to speak your mind plainly!"

"Speak plainly, sir! And why should I not? Your soul, sir, is a mere automaton, full of music doubtless, but requires a master of sarcasm and the human heart to touch the finger-board and make you speak," said Miss Giraffington.

"Very true," quoth Harry, simpering and tapping his boot with a cane. "But the fact is, I'm in love, and you know when a man's in love he's a sort of fool anyhow."

"Then you are in love all the time?" retorted Miss Giraffington.

"Not exactly," quoth Harry. "By that you would make me a fool. If I were a fool I would have been engaged to you long ago. But smart men never succeed with women when they have an ass for a rival."

"Then you had better come up and be sociable," said Miss Giraffington.

"Can't a pretty girl inspire eloquence in even a clod?"

"Yes," replied Harebrain; "but you know, Miss Jemima, you're not pretty."

"What!" exclaimed his companion, in a tone that made the lover jump up from his seat in consternation. "Do you dare to speak so to my face, sir?" quoth she, half in tears.

"You've got a bad figure," continued Harry, "and you dress awkwardly," added he, lifting her mantle with the end of his rattle, and smiling. "Coarse silk!" observed he.

"You country bumpkin!" exclaimed Miss Jemima, in great indignation, "you haven't got the first bit of taste! Call a hundred-pound dress awkward, and made in Paris at that! That is too provoking! Oh, you bear!" shouted she, bursting into tears, and resting her brow on the piano cloth.

These humorous amenities on the part of the too bashful swain are followed by a reconciliation equally graceful, and when Mr. Harebrain's rival appears, his reception is far from pleasant. After exclaiming, "Leave, you shark," with a fearful growl, the elegant Harebrain throws a net over the rival's head, ties his legs together, hoists him up to a joist in the middle of the room, labelled "Miss Jemima's favourite," and leaves him there all night. The next morning the wretched bundle is suddenly exposed to all the guests of the hotel, and Miss Jemima, "who saw the whole joke at once on the label, blushing modestly, led the general hilarity." But Miss Jemima was not always either modest or hilarious, for, when Harebrain had deserted her on discovering that she had plighted her troth to his intimate friend, she had recourse to a French villain, who at once enters into her schemes. "It can be done," he exclaims; "but the reward?"—looking passionately in her eyes, with a meaning she understood. She promises him any reward he may desire, and upon his suggesting that money would be necessary also, cries, "I anticipated as much; there is a thousand pounds," and throws down a bundle of notes. Considering that Jemima is represented as a young lady who wants a rich husband because she has no money of her own, this expenditure is rather rash and inconsistent. As for the light value she sets upon her virtue, Manhattan's female characters estimate it no less cheaply, so that the American novelists are in a fair way for destroying the magnificent reputation which poor Hawthorne tried so hard to set up for his countrywomen. Neither is their delicacy represented in very bright colours. A bevy of young ladies in the boxes at a masked ball are made to discuss the physical charms of their lovers with a frankness which would scarcely be gratifying to an English mamma. "That Mercury is Mr. Dashwood," quoth one of them; "I know him by those calves—such rounded and symmetrical expansion, and tapering down to a small ankle and neat foot." An heiress from the country became enamoured

\* Mr. Christopher Katydid. A Tale. Edited by Mark Heywood. 2 vols. Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1864.

of the calves, and "declared that a gentleman with such drumsticks must be as handsome as *Endymion*." One poor young lady never uses such free discourse, but speaks in the most superb way. Her father wants to make her marry the wicked Frenchman, but she is for a long time inexorable. "In his dissipated wrinkles," quoth she, "you see the trails of the slimy coils of vices that have fed on his morals and vitality." And when her father begs her "to be courteous if she cannot be just," she replies, in a calm tone—about as calm, we imagine, as that employed by the injured heroine at Astley's or "the Vic"—"Forgive me, father, but drive me forth from your roof a beggar of the cold world's charities; scorn me and renounce me; I cannot marry this man." As Lily had hitherto shown herself principally skilled in manufacturing confectionery and bonbons, one is surprised at the splendour of her language, until we remember the author telling us that "she had received a fine moral and intellectual education, and did not cease, after leaving school, to study a few hours each day to keep it." It would be rather useful to know how a few hours' study every day would enable one to keep a fine moral education. However, her speeches are not able to prevent her betrothal to the man whose morals and vitals had been so extraordinarily consumed, and she is on the very point of being married to him when a Frenchman, with the singularly un-French name of Put, interferes and proves the villain to have been married before. All ends well. The curtain drops upon exactly six marriages, so that people who like this sort of winding-up will be abundantly gratified. The bad husband of one of the six brides, after having been stigmatized by her as a "soulless devil," has died before her eyes and those of the rest of the party just two minutes before she makes a match with M. Put, her deliverer. This incident certainly tends to show positively that they are very much more go-ahead in America than in effete Europe. Before the wicked husband has gasped his last, and his place been so promptly filled by the opportune Put, another of the six bridegrooms undergoes a striking metamorphose. He has commonly been supposed to be a rough sailor, and the author makes him talk in a most remarkable lingo—a compound of low Yankee and the dialect of rag-pickers or dogsmeat-men. Suddenly a gentleman steps forward, takes him and his bride by the hand, faces the company, and makes a solemn speech to the effect that, being on a visit to London, he had read an article in the *Times*, from which it appears that the rough sailor has no business to be a sailor at all, but is an English nobleman, who in some mysterious way had been impressed in the navy, apparently when a child in arms. At what period of English or American history a baby, even a baby with blue blood in its veins, was commonly considered equivalent to an able-bodied seaman, we are not aware. However, the sailor proves to be Lord Barrington, and his American friends treat him with the increased reverence due to his rank. The young gentleman with "drumsticks" like *Endymion* is, of course, rewarded with the pretty girl who had been so enthusiastic about them at the masquerade.

The English language is apparently only used in a modified form in Alabama, and, apart from local phrases and idioms, one is considerably startled by the sight of such words as "villaged shores" and "mosaiced tables;" and the notion of calling a rich man "an old bullion" is as yet, we believe, strange even to the Stock Exchange. Perhaps, however, the most characteristic of all is the use of the word "indirectness," which appears to be American for the vilest rascality. The villain of the story is one of the most frightfully wicked personages that ever was invented, and yet he is never accused of anything beyond being a little indirect. The author dedicates his book to his native State of Alabama. We doubt whether it will be very grateful to him for this wild caricature of life either there or anywhere else.

#### SAXON LEECHDOMS.\*

WE have in this volume an additional contribution to the series which owes its imprimatur to the suggestion of the Master of the Rolls, originally sanctioned by the Treasury in 1857. The MSS. which form its nucleus are Saxon translations of the *Herbarium* of Apuleius with a continuation by Dioscorides, the *Medicina de Quadrupedibus* of Sextus Placitus, a miscellaneous collection of original Saxon Leechdoms taken from the fly-leaves of MSS., and a variety of charms for which no special author is forthcoming. If, as Mr. Cockayne himself asserts, it will be difficult for the kindest temper to give a friendly welcome to the medical philosophy of Saxon days, the true origin of the difficulty is, we think, to be found less in the prejudice and self-sufficiency of the nineteenth century against which he inveighs than in the unpromising nature of the materials selected to illustrate the subject. We might—at least so it seems at first sight—as reasonably pretend to ascertain the state of medical science in France by consulting a French version of the London Pharmacopœia as hope to form a correct notion of Saxon leechcraft from the data before us. The bulk of our authorities are confessedly both alien and apocryphal. It is doubtful whether Apuleius was the writer of the treatise which bears his name; and Sextus Placitus seems to be as mythical a character as Idipartus, the King of Egypt, to whom he professedly makes reference. On the other hand, some weight is

due to the consideration that subjects naturally exotic may be rendered indigenous by their mode of treatment. Legends such as that of the "Invention of the Cross," however alien in their origin, have ere now become fairly naturalized by the simple fact of their adoption into the faith and literature of our ancestors. In their Greek or Latin form they may, as Mr. Kemble remarks, be possibly of little interest, yet, as he adds, "partly through the strong nationality of the Anglo-Saxons, partly through the existence of a peculiar language devoted to a particular use, the classical original becomes an equally Germanic poem in all but the subject, and, having become so, bears in very many of its details the strong impress of early and even heathen tradition." The apology thus urged in favour of legends of a sacred and heroic character applies in a certain, if not an equal, measure to the borrowed traditions of medical science; and the *Herbarium* and *Medicina*, which have in like manner undergone Saxonization, may perhaps not unfairly be produced as exponents of the medical system into which they have been incorporated by the process. In all probability, however, Mr. Cockayne is less responsible for the selection than for the treatment of his materials. Even were it otherwise, he might well plead that seven years have expired since the original recommendation of the Treasury, under which "preference was to be given, in the first instance, to such materials as were most scarce and valuable," and that the eighth finds him no more than a gleaner in a field from which the harvest has already been gathered home. To this drawback must be added the yet greater one that, with a genius which unquestionably does not lie in the direction of preface-writing, he has not only been compelled to write a preface, but to produce a book of which the preface is all that most men can reasonably be expected to read. A good scholar may easily prove a bad middleman between his author and the public, and thus, while translation has evidently been with the writer a labour of love, his introduction resembles nothing so much as the wallet of a literary *chiffonnier* who has little notion of arranging his stores to advantage, and none of packing them into a portable form.

As a prelude to the medical philosophy of the Saxons, we plunge into that of Teutons, Romans, Greeks, and Arabians, who severally contribute their quota to Mr. Cockayne's inaugural dissertation on the subject. The botanical attainments of the Teutons are disposed of rather summarily with the observation that they are evidenced by the number of names of native plants which occur in Gothic languages, and that the Scythians taught the Greeks the use of hemp and liquorice. Next follows a series of encyclopædic notices of early Greek practitioners and their specifics, of somewhat doubtful relevance, as we are assured that "the Saxons, Angles, and all the Gothic races were wholly unable to accept the medical skill of Hellas and its pupil Italy." The reader will at any rate do well to claim the benefit of the doubt, and pass with all decent rapidity over a farrago of charms and spells quoted apparently at haphazard from Serapion, Soranus, Josephus, Philagrius, and a host of such worthies. Pliny—who prescribes for quartan ague "the dust wherein a hawk has rolled himself, tied up in a bit of cloth with a red thread, and a solitary wasp caught in the left hand"—gives us a fair sample of a class of remedies which from their sheer extravagance were well calculated to affect the imagination of the patient, and thus react upon diseases of a nervous character. The secret of their influence yet survives in Fetishism and Obeah worship. Hearn, we are told, when travelling in North America was pressed by an Indian to give him a charm against a particular foe. In order to get quit of the applicant, he gave him a sheet of paper on which were scribbled some circles, lines, and words. The result was more successful than he had anticipated, for the doomed man, on being informed of the spell thus laid on him, incontinently sickened and died. Mr. Cockayne affects to trace the influence of the Magi in a Saxon superstition which enjoined that the modern "fever rue," the "*Pyrethrum parthenium*" of the ancients, must be pulled from the ground with the left hand, while the fevered patient's name was spoken forth by the herbalist, who must be careful not to look behind him. Certain it is that the current of Northern tradition set strongly in favour of spells and incantations, and never perhaps more strongly than in the sixth and seventh centuries. The leech humoured the patient, and the Church, more politic still, humoured both leech and patient, by granting the exorcist ecclesiastical precedence next to the sub-deacon and acolyte.

We must refer the reader to Mr. Cockayne himself for an account of the spiritual agencies against which the exertions of that functionary were peculiarly directed. He has a good deal to say about Incubi, Succubi, and knot spells for producing impotence, which is, on the whole, rather learned than quotable. These peculiar superstitions, of which he cites some interesting examples, are just such as would most naturally find a place in the creed of those Northern nations whose gods are described in the Edda as "Galldræ Smithar," or charm smiths. In modern practice, the demon whom the Greek surnamed *Εριόλητης* and the Saxon Nightmare is opposed by the skill of the cook rather than that of the exorcist. The translator of the *Herbarium*, adopting a middle course, recommends betony as a charm against the fiend, with the assurance that the herb is good "whether for a man's soul or his body, and as a shield against monstrous nocturnal visitors and frightful dreams." A key to its efficacy as a charm is supplied by a subsequent passage which prescribes it as a valuable aid to digestion:—"If thou wilt that thy meat speedily melt, take of the wort three drachms, and of honey

\* *Leechdoms, Wort Cunning, and Starcraft of Early England*. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

one ounce, seethe then the wort till it hardens, drink them then in water two cups full." In the Saxon version of Sextus Placitus we find a specific against the evil influence of dwarves, which, as the dwarf is a creation of the Gotho-German race unknown to the mythology of either Greece or Rome, curiously illustrates the mode in which the text of the original author is moulded by the translator to the form of his own national traditions. So also the malady for which mandrake is prescribed in Art. cxxxii. of the *Herbarium* is rendered, in the first instance, "gewitleaste"—i.e. witlessness, evidently in accordance with the original—but is immediately explained as "deofol seocnyse" (devil sickness, or demoniacal possession) to square with the translator's own hypothesis on the subject. The value of the *Herbarium* is, in fact, for present purposes, so completely dependent on its adoption into the Saxon tongue and tradition, that any question as to its original paternity is comparatively immaterial. Nevertheless, Mr. Cockayne, fond as he is of dwelling on particulars directly and indirectly connected with his subject, is hardly consistent in his silence on this point. True, he tells us that Ackerman and Sprengel are of opinion that Apuleius never wrote the book, and that Saumaise thought he did. But he is not even at the pains to identify his Apuleius by date or birth-place, or to clear up the doubt whether it is the author of the *Golden Ass*, or some less celebrated namesake, who is the putative father to whom he refers. The case of the rival claimant, Apuleius Celsus, is certainly by no means a strong one. Assuming the truth of the assertion that he was a physician of the Augustan age, his chances are disposed of at the outset by internal evidence, which goes directly to prove that the author of the *Herbarium*, though skilled in the art of medicine, was not himself a medical practitioner, and, what is still more to the purpose, that he had read both Dioscorides and Pliny. The summing up of Boscha in his *Notitia Literaria de Apuleio* is, in short, altogether in favour of Apuleius of Madaura, whose peculiar Napoleonisms of style, "elegantior satisfacta ad rem propositam indicandam," are, as is there pointed out plainly enough, traceable in the *Herbarium*.

The Saxon translation gives a prefatory synopsis of its contents, diseases of various kinds being grouped under the peculiar herb which is recommended as a specific against them. The list is often a motley one. The herb aristolochia, or smearwort, is, for instance, prescribed "for strength of poison, for the stiffest fevers, for the sore of nostril in case one be troubled with cold, for bite of adder, if any child be in sorrow, and in case a warty eruption grow on the nose." The verbasum, or feltwort, is in another place recommended as infallible "against all evil comers, and against foot disease." The task of reconciling modern botanical designations with their Saxon equivalents seems to have proved by no means an easy one, and even the illustrations of early MSS. were less available in solving the difficulty than might at first have been supposed. The drawings of a MS. of Dioscorides from the Vienna collection were compared with those belonging to the continuation of the *Herbarium* on which the author was engaged, and, as it appears, with no very satisfactory result. There was little similarity between the two, but as Dr. Daubney characterized the former "as fictitious, doubtful, bad, very rude and indifferent," and as it seems to have been the practice of the mediæval illuminator to alter and improve upon the original outline of the latter, the result is not much to be wondered at. Under these circumstances, the rule at which Mr. Cockayne arrived—that no interpretation of a significant name can be satisfactory unless the meaning well befits the plant—has the merit of being both a simple and a safe one. In accordance with this principle, he remarks that the Cwicbeam (which Dr. Bosworth translates as the wild ash) has no sense when applied to the rowan tree, and, following the hint given in Ælfric's glossary, where the adjective "tremulus" is applied to it, he proposes to identify it with the Cēps or aspen. Dr. Bosworth, as he remarks, has made a singular mistake in the translation of hissepe as Cedria. The passage in Ælfric is, as Mr. Cockayne points out, "Cedria his-sepe"—in plain English, "the sap of it." In defiance of Milton's lines—

Through the sweetbrier and the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine—

the writer maintains that the eglantine and the sweetbrier are one and the same plant, on the strength of a gloss to one of the Harleian MSS. (written, as he tells us, in a hand a century older than Milton) which renders *κυνὸς βαρὸς*, "dog-rose briar," wild eglantine.

Failing the drawings, Mr. Cockayne devoted himself to the examination of all accessible glossaries. The MS. on which he founds his text of the *Herbarium* and *Medicina de Quadrupedibus* dates probably between the year 1000 A.D. and the Conquest. It belonged to the collection of Sir Robert Cotton, but is said to have been reduced to a shrivelled lump of blackened leaves by the fire at Ashburnham House in 1731—a statement which it is difficult to reconcile with the fact that it was selected on the present occasion for the sake of its illustrations in colour. We may, therefore, safely infer that the estimate of the damage it then sustained is a good deal overrated. It is described as having been a regally magnificent book, executed at an enormous expense, and the process of its restoration seems to have been almost as delicate, and happily as successful, as that of the Portland vase:—

The binder first soaked the rims in water, to make them limp; he then flattened them, and for this purpose was obliged often to cut through the edges, and to stretch them by pins, widening all the flaws; stout pieces of cardboard were then prepared as a frame to carry the leaves, which were

fixed into these paper frames by ligaments of gold beater's skin. Thus once more these burnt leaves became a volume.

Of Sextus Placitus absolutely nothing is known, and of the *Medicina* no more than can be collected from the apocryphal statement that its Leechdoms were obtained from Æsculapius and transmitted by Idpartus, King of the Egyptians, to Cesar Octavianus, his friend. As the author, whoever he may be, prescribes lion's flesh against apparitions, and gives antidotes for the sting of scorpions and the bite of apes, the African origin of the treatise is a matter of little doubt. The fly-leaf Leechdoms are neither numerous nor important enough to call for special notice, and a single extract may serve as a sample of the charms with which Mr. Cockayne concludes his labours. Here is a notable device for catching a swarm of bees:—

Take some earth, throw it with thy right hand under thy right foot, and say—"I take under foot, I am trying what earth avails for everything in the world, and against spite and against malice, and against the mickle tongue of man, and against displeasure." Throw over them some gravel where they swarm, and say—

"Sit ye, my ladies, sink,  
Sink ye to earth down,  
Never be so wild  
As to the wood to fly."

Be ye mindful of my good as every man is of meat and estate."

Besides this there is a spell to cure cattle, another to recover them when lost, and a counter-charm for bewitched land which, but for its length, would be well worth quoting. On the whole, between Mr. Cockayne's disabilities as a preface-writer and his industry as a translator, the result with which he has presented us is "o'er gude for blessing and o'er bad for banning." A well-arranged alphabetical index of the names of plants referred to in the course of the work would, we venture to suggest, be most useful for comparison with other authorities, and would go far to turn the scale in his favour. A future volume will, it is to be hoped, supply the deficiency of the one before us—a deficiency which tends in a great measure to neutralize the value of a work whose chief merit must lie in its ready availability for purposes of reference.

#### HARFORD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF WILBERFORCE.\*

MR. HARFORD'S recollections of Wilberforce do not add very much to the elaborate Life of him published by his sons twenty years ago. There must, indeed, be something very extraordinary, either about the subject of a biography or about the biography itself, if any supplement is required to five or six octavo volumes devoted exclusively to one man. It must also be borne in mind that Mr. Wilberforce died more than thirty years ago, and that those thirty years, fruitful as they have been in changes of all kinds, have introduced greater changes into men's ways of thinking on the subjects which principally occupied his attention than into almost anything else. It would hardly be possible in the present day for such a man as Mr. Wilberforce was to think as he thought upon religion and its relation to common life. To read his *Essay on Practical Christianity*, which in its time had an immense sale and exercised very great influence both in England and elsewhere, is like passing into a different stage of thought and feeling from that in which we live. The theory there propounded, and the views of every-day life, its duties, and its relations, which followed from and were inseparably connected with it, seem to belong as much to a different age from our own as Baxter's denunciations against the grievous sins of writing and reading novels. At the same time, there is a degree of beauty and freshness about the character of Mr. Wilberforce himself which makes authentic anecdotes of him and his doings interesting even now, and many of Mr. Harford's anecdotes have an interest of their own altogether independent of their relation to the hero of his little book.

The leading events of Mr. Wilberforce's life are sufficiently well known. He was the son of a rich merchant at Hull. He was educated at Cambridge. When he left college, he became one of the most brilliant members of London society, and in particular was extremely intimate with Mr. Pitt. He was born in 1759. He sat in Parliament in 1780 for Hull, and in 1784 for the county of York, which he represented for no less than twenty-eight years. In 1812 he became member for the rotten borough of Bramber, and in 1825 he retired from Parliament. He died in 1833. The abolition, first of the slave-trade, and afterwards of slavery, in which he took a leading but by no means the most laborious part, were the great achievements of his life. The position which he held in English society, and the extraordinary love and reverence with which he was regarded, were very remarkable. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he made a near approach to the character of a Protestant Saint, and the fact that he did so is worth attention, inasmuch as it shows clearly what the sort of qualities are which strike Englishmen at large as unusually and abnormally virtuous. He had, in the first place, a marvellous charm of manner, and great abilities of a social kind. He appears to have been one of the most pleasing speakers, and also one of the most charming and amiable talkers, that ever lived. Every anecdote about him, and all his letters, bear upon them the stamp of cheerful quiet affection, mixed with wonderful gaiety and

\* *Recollections of William Wilberforce, Esq.* By John S. Harford, Esq. D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

sprightliness of mind. These qualities are thrown into bolder relief than would otherwise belong to them by the faint touch of something like asceticism which coloured his religion and reacted upon his conduct. He was a perfectly sincere and honest man, and the chief interest which attaches to his life in the present day is derived from the fact that his character would seem, by its success, to mark the point which was reached half a century ago by public feeling. Mr. Wilberforce was the sort of man whom the grandfathers of the present generation cordially and affectionately recognised as the model of a Christian and a gentleman.

This fact suggests one or two reflections. In the first place, it is remarkable how readily his merits were admitted. Mr. Wilberforce himself, and all the leading men of his party, were in the habit of dwelling upon the persecutions which they received from the world. The sufferings which a religious man must expect at the hands of the gay and worldly formed a frequent topic of exhortation in their books; and the necessity of "enduring hardness," and showing sufficient moral courage to despise sneers and ridicule, was a duty frequently and warmly insisted on. Mr. Wilberforce's own life is a curious commentary on this. He appears to have led one of the pleasantest lives that can possibly have been conceived, and to have met with much less abuse of any kind, and with infinitely less of any kind that he was likely to care about, than almost any other public man of his times. He was sometimes called a saint and a methodist; but Pitt was accused of apostasy, treachery to freedom, tyranny, and every other crime that a man could commit, whilst Fox and his friends came in for words quite as hard, to say the least of it. When we remember the way in which Byron, for instance, wrote about George IV. ("Say what shall tombs avail when these disgorge the blood and dust of both [Charles I. and Henry VIII.] to form a George"), or his rejoicings over Lord Castlereagh's suicide, or Shelley's address to Lord Eldon ("I will not curse thee, hoary infamy"), or the attacks in the *Anti-Jacobin* on the French and all who sympathized with them ("You have heard of Rewbell, that devil from hell, &c."), it must be owned that a man who was merely called a saint, a methodist, and a fanatical enthusiast, got off rather cheap. It is indeed wonderful to see what very trifling banter was put down as persecution. Mr. Harford repeats a story of Mr. Wilberforce's about a certain Dr. Colthurst at Cambridge, "a very religious man at a time when it was no light cross to support that character there." Dr. Colthurst, it appears, attended to the gallows a man who was executed for some offence. His conduct was "severely censured by many as fanatical and extravagant." "A Mr. —, a fellow of King's, a profane thoughtless creature, and who loved his joke," once called out to him at a coffee-house, "How are you, Dr. Colthurst? So I find you attended your friend to the last. Did he leave any message with you?" "It's true," said the other, "I did attend him to the last." "Well," rejoined —, "I admire your fidelity to your friend." "Mr. —," replied the Doctor, "should you ever unfortunately be in a similar situation, I'll be ready to do the same for you. Depend upon it, I'll attend you to the last." If anything can exceed the mildness of the persecution, it is the mildness of the reply. What could men be made of who found it "no light cross" to be exposed to babyish little "chaff" like this? It is indeed obvious, from many of Mr. Harford's anecdotes, that Mr. Wilberforce was treated, on the whole, with wonderful respect. He kept his seat for Yorkshire for nearly thirty years. The book is full of the compliments and attentions he received from every sort of great man, from the Emperor of Russia downwards. Five editions of his book upon Christianity were sold in half a year. His very advocacy of the anti-slavery cause, which of course produced a good deal of opposition, was a piece of good fortune. He gives an account of the way in which he came to take it up which sets this in a strong light:—

In 1787 I was staying with Pitt at Holwood. . . . He said to me, "Wilberforce, why don't you give notice of a motion on the subject of the slave trade? You have already taken great pains to collect evidence, and are therefore fully entitled to the credit which doing so will ensure you. Do not lose time, or the ground may be occupied by another."

This is a very different, and it may be added, a much more natural account of the way in which the question presented itself to him than the conventional notion that he made great sacrifices in taking it up.

The fact that Wilberforce was so popular and so highly honoured marks, as we have already observed, the sort of character which English people were capable of admiring heartily sixty years ago. A man of genuine benevolence, with a mildly ascetic religion, went straight to their hearts. The benevolence was thoroughly genuine, the asceticism so singularly mild that it almost raises a smile. Mr. Wilberforce did not think it at all wrong to sit in Parliament, to have a thoroughly good house in London and another in the country, to enjoy to the utmost the society of his friends, to pass the summer in paying visits—in short, to lead as pleasant a life as any other active English gentleman; but yet he did draw a line. The list of things which might not be done, such as dancing, playgoing, &c., is sufficiently well known, but even these restrictions rested on hardly any assignable principle. When he had occasion to lay down any theory about them, his principle appears to have been substantially that which every reasonable person would admit—namely, that amusements ought not to be indulged in to such an extent as to unfit the mind for the discharge of its duties,

religious or secular. It would be difficult, without reprinting long extracts from his correspondence, to give a fair notion of the difficulty under which he always appears to have laboured in establishing any satisfactory distinction between the morality of the converted and that of the unconverted part of the world. The part of his opinions which jars upon an attentive reader is his conviction that the world was in a very bad way, and his inability to state any principle which would apply to his own particular party, and yet fail to take in all the respectable part of mankind. "Comfort and happiness are not goodness; the ordinary man of the world is clad in filthy rags, and is in danger of eternal fire, and I will pass all my life in devising means for making the poor and oppressed comfortable and happy, and putting them on a level with the other miserable sinners who happen to be well off"—such was the gospel preached by this admirable man. It is not altogether consistent or thoroughgoing, but it won for him the love of his contemporaries, and it exercised qualities which well deserved that love. The following characteristic passage occurs in an autobiographical sketch reprinted by Mr. Harford. After speaking of the strong religious impressions made on him in his early youth, he says that, as he grew up, they were off amidst the dissipations of Hull, and he then adds—

In some respects it has perhaps conduced to my usefulness that I did not retain my early impressions. I might probably, in that case, have become decidedly Calvinistic in my opinions, and this would have given such a tincture to my views that, had I written my book on Practical Christianity under their influence, it would have differed materially from what has been the issue of my maturer judgment. Neither could I have come in for the County of York. Christianity would have given me notions of humility which would have prevented me from aspiring to such a situation. I should not therefore have taken the means which ensured it.

There is something charming in the simplicity of this. It is a beautiful paraphrase on the admonition not to be righteous over-much. It is as if the writer had said—I ran a certain risk, no doubt, of being eternally damned, but it was in the end a very good thing that I did. It enabled me to suit Christianity to the British public, and to give them just that dose of the ascetic and fearful view of things which they were able to bear. Moreover, it put into me that amount of worldly alloy which was necessary to enable me to sit for the county of York. On the whole, therefore, it was all "overruled" to the best of purposes. For Mr. Wilberforce this might be all very well, but the doctrine would become strange in other hands. In fact, it is incompatible with the notion that the gaiety and amusements of Hull were really wrong. It is only a way of saying that, in time and place and under proper cautions, they were very good things.

A good many of Mr. Harford's anecdotes have considerable interest of their own, but there are few which are not already before the world in one shape or another.

#### ZOE'S "BRAND."

ALTHOUGH a former work by the author of these volumes was *Recommended to Mercy*, he or she—and we shall assume that the latter pronoun is the right one to use—now dares to fly in the face of the critics in the very inconsequent paragraph which we extract from the preface:—"The author feels that some apology may be necessary for offering to the novel-reading world a story of Transatlantic life." We really were not aware that a novel is *ipso facto* unreadable because the scene lies in America; nor can we even see the grounds of the narrower assertion which follows:—"It is possible that the trials of an Octaroon may contain little to interest the readers of works of fiction." For the next sentence the writer must be credited with considerable acquaintance with the arts of advocacy. She regrets as an obstacle to her success the very fact which is most likely to ensure it:—"Party spirit, too, runs high regarding the motives of this desolating conflict." There is, however, balm in Gilead. "Under these disadvantageous circumstances, it is pleasant (for one about to brave the tender mercies of the critics) to remember that the mightiest of England's satirists gave utterance to the consolatory dictum—'Ten censures wrong for one who writes amiss.'" Indeed! The authoress, by her own showing, has chosen an unreadable subject, for her tale is Transatlantic; nay more, it concerns an Octaroon; and she has chosen the wrong time for writing it, because party feeling runs high about the American war. If she proclaims with her own voice that she at least is one who "writes amiss," she admits that, in her case, the usual chances of the critic's censure being undeserved are non-existent. But we do not accept the author's own showing. The subject is a promising one, though perhaps not unhacknied; and the critic, undismayed by the mightiest of English satirists, has only to inquire whether the treatment falls short of the theme, or whether it may be said with truth that *materiam superabat opus*.

Zoe Gordon is the daughter of a great Louisianian planter, and the "Brand" is her visible, though fractional, share of black blood. Such an accident of pedigree is on this side of the Atlantic, even if detected, regarded in no other light than as accounting for an otherwise inexplicable grace of form and warmth of nature; and Zoe accordingly mixes at the Parisian boarding-school, where we

\* *Zoe's "Brand."* By the Author of "*Recommended to Mercy.*" 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.

first make her acquaintance, with girls of noble French families, on terms of the most perfect equality, or rather of the superiority warranted by her superior beauty and refinement. Her happy experiences in Paris, and at an old chateau in Brittany, form the first portion of the story; in strong contrast with which we get, in the second place, an account of her homeward journey through North America, and the reception which her *souper* of dark blood there entailed upon her; and lastly—what indeed is the bulk of the book—we have her adventures in her native land, in the neighbourhood of the "Crescent City."

The European portion of the story calls for no especial remark. Though sufficiently well told, it is in that thin manner which makes no great impression on the reader, and hardly prepares one for so much vigour as is afterwards displayed. The pure and refined atmosphere in which the young girl here moves increases the horror of the storms which burst over her in after days. At New York the "Brand" begins to influence Zoe's destiny. She joins the *table d'hôte* of the hotel, when a scene occurs which denotes a state of feeling which we can luckily hardly realize. The fatal taint was at first unnoticed, but at length a simultaneous movement took place among the guests. Her father was pressed upon by several "excited and gesticulating Yankees, whose wrath that they, and above all their 'ladies,' had broken bread with one of the negro race, was not to be easily appeased." An enormous fellow addressed him in the following characteristic words:—"Well, sir, I expect you've made a pretty considerable mistake in bringing that there girl here to-day. You'd best keep your smuts in your own place, and don't think to force gentlemen to keep company with them, or you'll get something you don't expect, I calculate." The hotel is filled with confusion, and the Gordons are glad to escape by a back stair to a humble lodging. Such pictures are, it is well known, not overdrawn, but must for ever remain, to the European who has not seen them, incredible. We can just conceive that an omnibus full of New-Yorkers might feel the disgust and indignation which these people are represented as exhibiting towards an unfortunate negress of pure blood who had intruded herself into the same conveyance with free-born citizens, though we can scarcely believe that they would insist on her being turned out, and left lying upon the pavement, in the throes of labour. But it is beyond the tether of imagination to realize the scene at the *table d'hôte*, where bipeds calling themselves gentlemen drive from their presence, almost with blows, a girl of the beauty and culture attributed to Zoe, because, on microscopic scrutiny, she betrays a stain of dark blood in her ancestry.

Zoe's "Brand," viewed as a didactic work, is occupied mainly with the social position of the mixed races, but it treats also largely of the pure blacks. A short life, we are told, and a miserable one awaits the free negro in the North. In an uncongenial climate, and encompassed by the hatred of the whites, they become paupers or convicts; they crowd the hospitals, the prisons, and the graveyards; and from the North come the most brutal overseers. If, however, "a real devil of an overseer can get any wages he'd ask," there is not much to choose between the Yankee taskmaster and the Southern planter who so well appreciates his services. The slaves down South are described as being, what no doubt they are, a happier and more contented race than our own very poor classes. That this greater happiness and content is owing to a lower range of aspirations than prevails amongst European poor, need hardly be suggested. The slaves on a well-regulated plantation dance, and dress, and pray, without liberty, because they have never dreamt of possessing it. They have enough to eat, and work within their strength. In common with most weaker creatures, they are attached and often devoted to those who, having strength to guide and rule them, have the benevolence to use it gently. Of some of the well-known drawbacks of the condition perhaps rather too much has been made. Thus, members of one family are sometimes sold to different owners. Of course, this is very distressing, though family partings are not unknown on this side of the Atlantic. But we must remember that the domestic ties are not drawn quite so closely between negroes as between the members of an English middle-class family. We are not for a moment defending what is a monstrous abuse of power, but merely suggesting that its effects are probably not so keenly felt as might be supposed. Negro religion, as known in England, is of the puritanical sort, but on many plantations Roman Catholic influence is paramount; and the relation of this form of worship to the barbaric mind is brought out in a very striking manner in the deathbed scene of old Judith. It took place in a miserable hut in a miserable quarter of New Orleans, a city which is Gallic in the tastes and habits of its inhabitants, in matters sacred as well as profane. Zoe's mother goes to visit her old slave in her last illness, and is joined on the way by a Sister of Charity, bound on the same errand. The sister prays long and fervently at the bedside. The patient lies still a long time, but at last mutters—

"Dose berry good words, missus—too good for ole nigger like—poor Judith, claring out for de 'appy land, missus, and 'pears I could go to Gorra Mighty widout no words—begging yer pardon missus—but 'pears like I could sleep a spell." She contrived—it must have been a work of difficulty, with death's tightening grasp upon her muscles—to wink her aged eye feebly at her mistress, a token which the latter rightly understood to mean that the mention of sleep was a *ruse*, and that old Judith was quite sufficiently wide awake to enjoy a last conversation with her lady.

Besides such sketches of negro life and death as the above, the author has skillfully intercalated into the story sundry disquisitions

on slavery—socially, politically, and ethnologically considered. The more intelligent Southerners are represented as unanimous in the wish for the gradual abolition of the institution. The freed negroes, it is asserted, could be easily forced to be industrious by giving them task-work, and withholding their pay in case of failure in their portion of the agreement. Zoe's "Brand," however, is not a treatise, but a tale, and a very interesting one too. It abounds rather to excess in startling situations and harrowing incidents. The language also occasionally soars into the region of the sensational; for instance:—

He bit his lips till the blood sprang from beneath the pressure of his teeth, and clenched his hand in powerless fury—powerless, indeed, for the accursed Yankee had him in his toils, and only through the leniency of the man who had bought up the mortgage on Orange Creek Plantation could he hope for mercy.

But there is not very much of this tall writing, and the sort of incidents which are so startling to read of in quiet long-established England is perhaps both natural and ordinary in the reckless, tropical, go-ahead Southern States of America.

Zoe's troubles begin when she finds that she bears the marks of an origin which must for ever shut her out from the society of white ladies in the New World. But they do not end there; for she has gradually to learn that her father had never married her mother, nor had he even emancipated either his quasi-wife or his daughter. He was a good-natured man, and fully meant to free them both, but he was indolent and careless, and postponed the business. From such a state of affairs, of course, any amount of misery may be expected to arise; and the whole story is accordingly a chain of disaster. The household at Orange Creek Plantation, happy and luxurious as it is to outward appearance, has fatal flaws in its composition. The father of the family is at the same time its owner, and with his insolvency the unsubstantial fabric falls to the dust. Insolvency is not uncommon among the planters. Mr. Gordon's is easily accounted for—

in the old way; namely, European travel, with its ostentatious display of Cressus-like wealth. And then the hotel life at home, with its card-playing, its hazard, and its billiard rooms. To say nothing, although that should have been mentioned first and foremost, of the constant habit of always trusting to a good crop—of living up to and beyond their means—borrowing to the extent of their credit for negro-stock—going ahead without thought or reflection for the future; and finally, as in the case of our friend Gordon, finding his mortgages bought up by a low moneyed man like John Link Morse.

The personage last named avails himself of his power as mortgagee to push his otherwise ridiculous claim to the hand of his unfortunate debtor's beautiful daughter. A trifling legal impediment stood, it is true, in the way of this union. The marriage of a white man and a coloured woman is invalid. But J. L. Morse avowed that he was willing to take the required oath that he had coloured blood in his own veins. The method by which this gentleman would probably reconcile this statement to his conscience was much discussed amongst his friends, one of whom suggested, "He'll have some dodge I'm thinking. He'll pinch his hand; we've known that done before, and put a drop of some darkey's blood into the wound." Whether or not Mr. Morse condescended to any such proceeding, and what was the ultimate fate of Zoe the Octaroon, may be learnt by reading the tale itself. And it is very readable indeed.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

AN ardent admirer of Eckhart, the Father of German Speculation, has written a work on his life and doctrines, as a contribution to the history of the theology and philosophy of mediæval Germany. It is couched in enthusiastic language, and its style borders at times on the spasmodic, but it contains a considerable amount of information, and is by no means devoid of interest. The author considers Eckhart to have been the father and the representative of German Mysticism, and therefore a man to whom the nation owes a great debt of gratitude. For, in his opinion, Mysticism is not, as he says it appears to some to be, a kind of Cinderella flouted by the proud sisters Theology and Philosophy, but rather one of the highest forms of Christian thought. And, regarding it in that light, he gladly devotes himself to the task of illustrating the life of its teacher, though he expects to meet with little approval, either from the orthodox, who look on Eckhart as somewhat heretical, or from the party of progress, to whom he can but appear a vague dreamer. Little is known of Eckhart beyond the doctrines he taught. He was probably born in Saxony, about the beginning of the second half of the thirteenth century. His writings show that he was well educated, but the place at which he studied is not known. His first appearance in public was at Paris, where he taught in the school of the Dominicans of St. James, but it was at Cologne that he became most notorious. There he was brought before the Tribunal of the Inquisition, at the time when Archbishop Henry accused the whole Dominican Order of heresy, and there he publicly renounced all that was found suspicious in his teaching. This submission, however, did not

\* Meister Eckhart, der Vater der deutschen Speculation. Als Beitrag zu einer Geschichte der deutschen Theologie und Philosophie der mittleren Zeit, von Joseph Bach. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

satisfy his opponents, and they extracted twenty-eight theses from his works, and laid them before a special Congregation. Seventeen of these were condemned as heretical, the others were stigmatized as bordering on heresy, and he was sentenced to be severely reprimanded for having "wished to know more than was fitting." But the Bull containing this judgment was not published until after his death, which appears to have taken place at Cologne in 1329. In the words of his present biographer, Eckhart "strode beyond the bounds of ordinary philosophizing, and moved on those heights of speculation which are beyond human ken." At times, his teaching seemed to bear the taint of Pantheism, and his tendencies in that direction brought down on him the thunders of the Church; but he always professed the highest respect for authority, and an implicit obedience to the commands of the Holy See. Ordinary hearers, he said, were not capable of forming an opinion on his more abstruse doctrines, which could be understood by those only who possessed the inner sense required to make them intelligible. Simple minds, indeed, might well imagine a dangerous ring in such phrases as "God's honour is promoted by evil as well as by good," and might easily be led astray when told that all prayer for special objects is bad, and that God is honoured by those who ask Him for nothing, not even for eternal life. Sometimes, also, he seems to have drifted away from the shores of common sense into a metaphysical obscurity difficult for any eye to pierce, so that the editor of *Tauler's Sermons*, published at Basle in 1521, remarks that "Eckhart was so subtle that many even of the learned did not well understand him, wherefore his doctrines should be cautiously read by simple men." But in spite of his occasional defects, he deserves to be held in honour as a bold and original thinker, and especially as one of those who, while the lower world lay in darkness, had vague glimpses from a higher range of the dawn that was to be.

The second volume of Ludwig Friedlaender's excellent work on the manners and customs of Ancient Rome\* is chiefly devoted to Roman travels and travellers, and to the public spectacles in which the citizens of the empire delighted. The former volume treated, for the most part, of the city itself, its streets, its public buildings, and the dwellings of its inhabitants. The present section of the work deals rather with the leisure hours of the Romans, and the pleasures and amusements which occupied them. Of these, the public games, the gladiatorial and other contests, and the various theatrical entertainments were the most important. They served as a substitute for the popular assemblies of the old days of freedom, and gave the Emperors a good opportunity of courting the favour of their subjects. Dr. Friedlaender draws a lively picture of the animated scene presented by the circus on days of festivity, describing minutely the appearance of the audience, the nature of the shows, and the feelings they evoked. He follows the changes in the rigorous laws of dress rendered necessary by the presence of the Emperor, such as the decrees fulminated on the subject of appearing with or without sandals, and the indulgences conceded to the weakness of human nature, such as the liberty granted by Caligula to the Senators, of wearing Thessalian hats and preserving their complexion by means of parasols. After giving an immense amount of information with respect to the amusements provided for the frequenters of the circus, he enters into the question of how far their morals were affected by what they saw, and to what extent they were injured by the ferocious nature of the conflicts which they loved, above all things, to witness. The whole subject is treated in a style which is as entertaining as it is instructive; nor are the chapters devoted to ancient travel inferior in any respect. Why, and where, and in what way, the Romans journeyed, are subjects on which the author discourses at length. The paucity of inns, and the bad accommodation they afforded, are feelingly described, and a full account is given of the promises held forth on classic signboards. The Romans, we are told, were emphatically a travelling race. Numbers of their youth were perpetually on the move, seeking the great schools of learning on every side, at Milan and at Marseilles, at Carthage, at Smyrna, and at Tarsus. Rome, Alexandria, and Athens were the head-quarters of science; but its outposts were pushed far into the distance, and were sought out by adventurous students. The professors also travelled extensively, gaining in this way a notoriety which they would otherwise have had a difficulty in obtaining at a time when letters were scarce and critical journals undiscovered. Among the other travellers, were artists, wandering about in the course of their professional career, visitors to the lands where religious ceremonies and public festivals called together a curious crowd, invalids in search of health, and votaries of fashion lounging through the cities of Italy and Sicily, of Greece, of Asia Minor, and of Egypt. Their feeling for the picturesque forms the subject of an interesting chapter, in which Dr. Friedlaender agrees with the majority of critics in thinking that the ancients were not greatly affected by the charms of nature. What they admired most was the sea; its grandeur aroused a genuine feeling of enthusiasm in their minds, but there is little trace in their literature of any appreciation of the beauties which form the delight of the present travelling race.

The eighth volume of the *Staatengeschichte der Neuesten Zeit*†

commences a *History of England* by Reinhold Pauli. The present instalment begins with the battle of Waterloo, and comes down to the death of George the Fourth; the next volume will probably conclude the work. It is written in a fair and honest spirit, and, as might be expected from the author's thorough acquaintance with our language and literature, it is remarkably free from the errors into which a foreigner is apt to fall in discussing our institutions. To German students of English history it will prove a very valuable handbook, and it may be read with advantage by any one who is desirous of taking a rapid view of the events which marked the period comprised in Dr. Pauli's narrative. With respect to the authors who have preceded him, he speaks very highly of Mr. Charles Knight's *Popular History*, and confesses himself greatly indebted to Mr. Erskine May; but he finds fault with the works of Mr. Hughes, Miss Martineau, and Sir Archibald Alison, as being but little attractive, overlaid by details, and rendered untrustworthy by the violent and often unfair spirit of partisanship which appears to him to pervade them.

A new translation of the *Gulistan*\* of Sadi has been attempted by G. H. F. Nesselmann, who has produced the nearest approach yet made to a readable version. He has evidently spared no pains over his task, and though his verse halts somewhat, the result is on the whole very creditable to him. He has made free use of all existing editions and translations, sometimes incorporating Graf's verses with his own, holding apparently a different opinion on the subject from that of Sadi, who specially prided himself on never borrowing from any one. Some passages of the original he has passed over in silence, in order to render the book unobjectionable to ladies, who are, he informs us, very fond of Persian poetry, and for whose benefit, perhaps, the book is prettily got up. The *Gulistan* was Sadi's latest work, completed in the year 1258. In it—the *Garden of Roses*—as in the *Bostan*, or *Garden of Trees*, written in the preceding year, he embodied the results of his long experience of life. For thirty years he had shut himself up and pored over books; for thirty years more he had travelled and studied men; and for thirty years after that he had sat upon his prayer-carpet at Shiraz, and revolved in his mind all that he had seen and heard. In the *Gulistan*, as well as in the *Bostan*, he preaches a moral under the disguise of a tale, changing at will from prose to verse, and treating at random of the Manners of Kings, of Dervishes and their way of thinking, of Silence, of Contentment, of Education and Social Refinement, of Love and Youth, of Weakness and Age. The story and the songs appear on close inspection to have little connexion with each other, having probably been composed at different times, and put together without any great attention being paid to their coherence. The title was no doubt suggested by the gardens of Shiraz, where the poet spent so many years of his life. There, in a lovely valley rich in foliage and flowers and perfumes, he passed a prosperous existence, and there, too, he found an honoured grave, as also, a century later, did his great successor Hafiz.

Dr. Karl von Scherzer has written a series of lively and entertaining essays on *Tropical America*†, its scenery and its inhabitants. Some of them have already appeared in German newspapers, but they are now collected for the first time, and contain the latest information which he and his travelling companion, Dr. Moritz Wagner, have to give about Central America and the West Indies. The subject of slavery was the one in which he took most interest, and, in order to form a correct idea of the negro character, he studied its three phases as represented among the slaves of Cuba, the freedmen of Jamaica, and the rulers of Hayti. Nowhere did he find much to admire in the black race. In Cuba they are degraded, in our colonies they are demoralized, in their island empire they are ridiculous. In Hayti, he says, agriculture, trade, and commerce have dwindled away, and the greater part of the soil has become a wilderness. The capital possesses no hotel, and the traveller runs a risk of having to sleep in the streets. The Emperor can sign his own name, but his Imperial consort can neither read nor write a single word. Nor is her want of education to be wondered at, seeing that she was originally a petty dealer in onions and gingerbread, and continued to keep her little stall even after her husband had become an official character, till one day she was surprised by Empressdom. But if Hayti is an unpleasant residence, according to our author, Cuba is far worse. He draws a most gloomy picture of the Spanish rule in the West India. Under it the glorious sky and the perfumed air lose their charms. The tyranny of the police deprives life of all its pleasure, and renders alike miserable the rich and the poor, the slave and the free. Liberty of the press is unknown, and the comparative freedom which the Mother-country enjoys is prohibited in its richest colony. In society politics are never mentioned; in the *cafés* not even Spanish newspapers are to be found. As for literature, it does not exist in Cuba. Scarcely any one ever thinks of reading, and two hundred milliners' shops exist to one poor bookseller's stall. The ladies are utterly uneducated, and, our author complains, "cannot talk about astronomy, German philosophy, or Greek history." They are beautiful, he allows, but they want

\* *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine*. Von Ludwig Friedlaender. Theil II. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

† *Geschichte Englands seit den Friedensschlüssen von 1814 und 1815*. Von Reinhold Pauli. Theil I. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

\* *Der Rosengarten des Scheikh Muslih-eddin Sadi aus Schiras*. Aus dem Persischen übersetzt. Von G. H. F. Nesselmann. Berlin: Wiedmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

† *Aus dem Natur- und Völkerleben im tropischen Amerika*. Skizzenbuch von Dr. Karl v. Scherzer. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

animation; and there is something artificial about them, especially as regards their complexions, for they all paint, using the *Cascarilla de Merida*, which renders a yellow hue milk-white. On the whole, Cuba forms the most striking feature in our author's sketch, but he has also depicted in a very pleasant style the cities and ruins of Central America, and the former and present possessors of its soil.

For another agreeable book of travels we are indebted to that indefatigable tourist, J. G. Kohl, who gives us a set of *Sketches of North-West Germany*.\* Taking Bremen as his head-quarters, he made a series of excursions from that city in all directions, and has given the results of his investigations in a number of pictures which are intended to convey an idea of the coasts, the islands, the moors, and the forests of Germany's North-Western frontier.

An elaborate work by H. Loehnis on the *United States of America*† contains a mass of valuable statistics, and a considerable amount of original information about the present seat of war. The author having spent several years in America, where he was engaged in commercial pursuits, is qualified by personal experience to form an opinion on many of the subjects of which he treats. He commences with a sketch of the growth of the English colonies in America, and then traces the progress of the several States from the time of the Declaration of Independence to the present day. Their finances occupy a considerable portion of the volume, and the rest is devoted to the chief political questions which have agitated and divided the Republic. The work is rich in tables and state papers, and is likely to prove a valuable book of reference.

A detailed account of the leading German artists who engraved their own works has been commenced by Dr. Andreas Andresen.‡ It is intended to take the place of a supplement to the "Peintre-Graveur" of Bartsch, whose book was planned on so large a scale that its completion was rendered all but impossible, and to the works of Robert-Dumesnil and of Prosper de Baudouin on the Masters of the French School. Dr. Andresen and his colleague, Rudolph Weigel, include in their lists the engravers who flourished between the years 1560 and 1700, during which period there flourished about twelve hundred engravers of the class *Peintre-Graveur*—men who engraved their own ideas—but the present volume contains notices of five only:—Matthes Zündt, Lorenz Strauch, Abel Stimmer, Heinrich Gödig, and Jost Amman. A short memoir of each is given, and a detailed account of their works, elaborated apparently with great industry and research.

Several efforts have been made to gather up the pearls of popular wisdom scattered about the streets of mediæval Germany, but Dr. Zingerle, the latest editor of the *German Proverbs of the Middle Ages*§, flatters himself that he has done more than any previous labourer in the cause. He has ransacked the whole treasure-house of early German poetry, and arranged the spoils he obtained according to the subjects to which they refer. The most primitive poets, he says, used to incorporate the proverbs which suited them into their own works, without materially altering their form. A later school preserved the essence only of those which they selected, rejecting their framework as an inconvenience, but a succeeding generation returned in part to the original practice. He has drawn chiefly on the poetry of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. That of the fifteenth century is represented here by the *Fastnachtspiel*, the poems of Vintler, Oswald von Wolkenstein, and Muscabit, and the song-book of Clara Hätzlerin; and that of the sixteenth by the Ambraser Songbook and the writings of Johann Nas.

While we are engaged on the subject of proverbial philosophy, we may mention that a second volume has appeared of Böhtlingk's learned work on Indian sayings.|| The collection is not yet complete, a third volume being announced, which will contain additions by Schiefner.

The first volume has appeared of a collection of *Essays on Ecclesiastical History*¶ and kindred topics. They have been contributed to various journals, at different periods during the last thirty years, by Professor Hefele, the author of an extensive work on the Councils of the Church. After completing the fifth volume of that book, he employed his leisure time in gathering together his scattered contributions, and they now re-appear in their present form. The first volume is exclusively devoted to Church History and Patrology; the second will treat of archaeological and liturgical subjects.

\* *Nordwestdeutsche Skizzen-Fahrten zu Wasser und zu Lande in den untern Gegenden der Weser, Elbe und Ems.* Von J. G. Kohl. 2 Thle. Bremen: Kuhnmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

† *Die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. Deren Vergangenheit und Gegenwart in socialer, politischer, und finanzieller Beziehung.* Von H. Loehnis. Leipzig: Meyer. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

‡ *Der Deutsche Peintre-Graveur, oder die deutschen Maler als Kupferstecher, nach ihrem Leben und ihren Werken.* Von Andreas Andresen, unter Mitwirkung von Rud. Weigel. Band I. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

§ *Die Deutschen Sprichwörter im Mittelalter.* Gesammelt von Dr. Ignaz v. Zingerle. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

|| *Indische Sprüche.* Sanskrit und Deutsch. Herausgegeben von Otto Böhtlingk. Theil II. Leipzig: Voss. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

¶ *Beiträge zur Kirchengeschichte, Archäologie und Liturgik.* Von Dr. C. J. Hefele. Band I. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

A fifth collection of stories by Paul Heyse will be welcomed with pleasure by many readers. They are entitled *Meran Tales*\*, and are three in number. Like his other writings, they are as remarkable for refinement and grace as for graphic power, and are well calculated to sustain his reputation as an author who appeals equally to the intellect and to the heart.

The subject of *The Naval Architecture of the Ancients*† is elaborately discussed in a Latin treatise by Dr. Graser. He brings a great amount of learning to bear on the questions it involves, especially as regards the size and shape of the Greek vessels of war, their strength and their speed. His argument chiefly tends to prove that they differed less than is generally supposed from ships of modern build, as may be seen in the representations he gives in the plates of a trireme constructed according to his ideas. His views with regard to the sails and tackling are particularly striking, and are well worthy of the attention of those who are specially interested in the subject.

\* *Meraner Novellen.* Von Paul Heyse. Fünfte Sammlung. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

† *De Veterum re Navali.* Scriptis Bernardus Graser. Berolini: Calvary. London: Williams and Norgate. 1864.

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We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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**WEST-LONDON SCHOOL of ART** in connexion with the

Department of Science and Art, South Kensington Museum, 204 Great Portland Street, W. Established 1852.

A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in the New Gallery of this School, on Wednesday Evening, July 20, 1864, when the PRIZES will be presented to the successful Students by A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, Esq., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., President of the School. The Chair will be taken at Eight o'clock punctually. There will be an Exhibition of the Works of Art to which the Prizes have been awarded. The Committee invite those interested in the School to see its progress during the past year. Ladies are invited to be present.

In the late Government Examination of the Students, 150 Papers in "time-drawing," done before the Art Inspector, obtained the mark "Good"; and of these 74 were distinguished by the mark "Excellent." In the ordinary Studies of the Pupils, 21 were awarded MEDALS, and 8 "Honourable Mentions"; and subsequently, in the National Competition, the large proportion of 3 National Medallions, and 1 "Honourable Mention," were awarded.

**THE Very Rev. A. P. STANLEY, Dean of Westminster, will**

PREACH at St. Mark's Church, Teneterrace, Whitechapel, on Sunday Morning, July 17, for the Schools of St. Mark's Parish. Assistance is urgently needed for these Schools. There is a Debt of £250 on the Buildings, and under the New Code the Income has fallen below the necessary Yearly Expenditure.—Subscriptions and Donations will be received by Rev. R. E. BANTLEY, St. Mark's Parsonage, Whitechapel.

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2100 Children have been admitted; 895 since 1847.

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400 can be accommodated.

70 will be admitted during the present Year.

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